

Library Periodicals  
Clatsop Community College

ARCHIVES

# Rain

magazine





# Rain magazine

2015

Clatsop Community College  
Dora Badollet Library

SEP 14 2015

1680 Lexington Ave  
Astoria, Oregon

**Rain Magazine** is an annual production of students and faculty at Clatsop Community College in Astoria, Oregon. Funding is provided by the generous support of private patrons and local business sponsors. Special thanks to Robert & Elizabeth Stricklin for their ongoing support of the publication. Submissions are voted for acceptance by members of the student staff. No materials in **Rain Magazine** can be reproduced without author's written consent.

**2015 Student Staff:** Alec Chapa, Aaron DaVall, Christopher Partin, Emily French, James Misho, Kimber Peterson and Sonova Aiken

**Faculty Advisors:** Alison Ruch and Lucien Swerdloff

**Printing and Perfect Binding:** Ash Creek Press, Portland, Oregon

**Special Thanks To:** Nancy Cook, Josh Conklin and Kathy Peterson of KP Graphic Arts



Submissions are accepted between October 1 and January 10. Please submit no more than three previously unpublised items total, including less than 5,000-word prose and poems, photographs, and high quality digital images of original artwork. **Online submissions are encouraged** as text document attachments (RTF preferred) or high resolution (300 dpi) PSD, JPG or TIFF files. No PDFs. No SASE necessary. Manuscripts will be recycled. **Send submissions for future editions to: [rainmagazine@clatsopcc.edu](mailto:rainmagazine@clatsopcc.edu)**

**Rain Magazine**  
Clatsop Community College  
1651 Lexington Ave  
Astoria, OR 97103

# Introduction

What is *Rain Magazine*? For ten weeks, our small staff gathered, over one of the driest winters in Astoria's history, to answer this question.

It's tradition. 2015 marks the forty-sixth edition of *Rain Magazine*. We set forth to showcase college and coastal community art in the way *Rain* has under editorships of the talented Nancy Cook, Julie Brown, Karen Temple, Shirley Thomas, and Ralph Wirths. Lucien Swerdluff continued this year as our magazine's design expert and guide. Numerous students have now participated in the making of *Rain Magazine*, many of whom have gone on to work in publishing, writing, and graphic design. Many of these former students have gone on to be published in *Rain*. We aimed to carry forth this tradition of unity, to align the magazine contents with the contents of the hearts and minds of our neighbors.

It's collaboration. Our staff wanted the look and feel of the magazine to capture our—typically—watery environs and to put forth something new. We wanted to add our own mark to the tradition. Each staff member proposed creative inventions for consideration, prompting hearty discussions—and passionate defenses—of continuity, style, and white space. After gazing at countless mock-up covers and page

layouts, we landed on the typefaces, artwork, and logo you see here.

It's us. We were wowed by our submissions, and though it was a difficult process choosing what should be bound between the *Rain* covers, we are pleased that the results reflect the concerns of people here, now. We did not ask for submissions surrounding a theme, but, inevitably, themes emerged. This edition shows our communities' interests in beauty and wonder in nature; underrepresented voices of the incarcerated; ephemeral ways of time and love; feelings of estrangement from our children. And, of course, life on the river; life on the sea; and life within mist and fog and all manner of moistures. Love. Death. Mermaids. Moon frogs. Dragonflies. Being young. Getting old. Electronic overload. Creativity. Adoration and loathing for our cars.

But, go ahead. Turn the page and see for yourself.

Our staff agrees that, despite the challenges of harmonizing varied aesthetics and some discouraging computer snafus, making the 2015 edition of *Rain Magazine* has been a delight. Thank you to our community, to our submitters, to our patrons, and to Clatsop Community College for your continued support.



# Table of Contents

## ART

Vicki Baker	Winter Stroll	7
Amanda Hanlon	Apartment	12
Kimberly Adams	Alluring Dunes	20
Nancy Cook	Girlhood	25
Katie Youngs	A Voice Remains	34
Kimber Peterson	Elenore Travels Route 66	40
Sarah Hendrickson	Sky Tower	48
Sharon Abbot-Furze	The Price of Freedom	56
Terry Shumaker	Beatrise	62
Vivian Calderón Bogoslavsky	Renacer	68
Royal Nebeker	Adjegas	71
Ruth Zschomler	Sandfence	72
Stirling Gorsuch	Tillamook Head Gathering	80
Daniel Swerdloff	Sky Riders	82
Daniel Swerdloff	Two Headed Moon Frog	84
CCC Drawing Students	Fall Term Collaborative Mural	90
Jon Schmidt	Manhole Cover, Ogatsu, Japan	96
Kerri Zell	Community Float	100
Terry Shumaker	It's a Gift to be Simple	103
Stirling Gorsuch	Focus	110
Brand Dichter	Bowl	112
Katie Youngs	Somewhere There is Home	114
Laurel Fleet	Anemone Mine	118
Kaylee Savage-Wright	As We Are Consumed	128
Kimber Peterson	Breathe	134
Stirling Gorsuch	Phase I & II	142
Royal Nebeker	Gengangere	147

## POETRY

John Ciminello	Everywhere	1
Zachery O'Connor	Regaining Our Equilibrium	2
Tricia Gates Brown	Pondering The Women Who...	4
John Ciminello	Firsts (A Taste of Snow)	8
Micah T. Dugan	Careening	10

## POETRY (Continued)

James Dott	Time	15
Emily French	Genesis	16
Lance Nizami	-ography	26
John Hagerty	And Wolves	27
Dan Earl Simmons	December	28
Robert Michael Pyle	Powdermilk at Thirty-Two	31
Claude Hite	Circling the Drain	32
Rick Mack	At Anchor in Astoria	37
Nancy Cook	Book of Fire	38
Jan Bono	Beyond Midlife	45
Alex Balogh	Millican, Population 0	46
Dan Earl Simmons	Keeping Tabs	54
Wayne Burke	Moider	55
Micah T. Dugan	The Lonely Empire	59
Nancy Cook	36th Street Sonnet	60
Richard King Perkins II	The Fairest Dawn	61
Dan Earl Simmons	Staggerblind	61
Kat Dudley	Edge-Rider	65
Rick Mack	Blue Kayak—Dark Lake	66
Richard King Perkins II	Lomas	69
Jordan Clayton	The Jolt	70
Rick Mack	Rock Mountain Elk	81
Kyle R. McCarthy	Salt	86
John Hagerty	The River Calls	88
Julie Tennis	Dragonfly	89
Anne Splane Phillips	Pictures	93
Florence Sage	Tryst at Old Dismal Nitch	94
Anne Splane Phillips	Nude and the Art of Blankness	98
Tricia Gates Brown	Resiliance	101
Zachery O'Connor	Coming To It	102
Heather C. Davis	Mourning Joy	104
James Dott	Three Crows	106
Alec Chapa	Within Seams	109
Chris Gilde	The Dream She Has	112
Lance Nizami	Einstein's Question	113
Scott T. Starbuck	Tillamook, Greenland	116
Scott T. Starbuck	September in Astoria	117
Reba Owen	Youngs Bay Metaphor	122
Tricia Gates Brown	Summer at Twelve	126
James Misho	The First Mark	127

## POETRY (Continued)

Lynette Scribner	Despair and Hope	130
Gregory Zschomler	Slave to the Sea	131
Phyllis Mannan	Anointment with Vinegar	132
Zachery O'Connor	On the Day My Father Dies	139
Alex Balogh	This is Not a Test	143
Robert Michael Pyle	Metamorphosis	144

## FICTION

A've Middlefield	The Undisturbed Room	13
Sid Deluca	Mrs. Greenwood	35
Tim Hurd	Continental Shelf	41
Kimberly Hazel	My Brother	57
Gregory Zschomler	Half-Baked Tune	63
Laura L. Roberts	The Mermaid	73
Vera Wildauer	A Pea in Purgatory	87
Kimberly Hazel	Dad	115
Donald Hutton	Requiem For a Palette	129
Christopher Partin	The Flowers in Its Eyes	135

## NON-FICTION

Alex Autio	The Song of the Mountain	5
Mindy Hardwick	Windows and Doorways	21
Donald Hutton	Chinese Horse	29
Chris Gilde	The Sketch	49
Karen R. Hessen	The Other Migration	67
Lucien Swerdloff	Sky Riders	83
Lucien Swerdloff	Two Headed Moon Frog	85
Kay Stoltz	The Blank Page	91
Matt Love	The Last Paperboys in America	97
Wayne Downing	The Also-Rans	99
Mark Scott Smith	Tuberculosis	105
Luis Trujillo	The Endless Sky Full of Luminous Light	111
Matt Love	Clatsop County Fair	119
Wayne Downing	Marie	123
Jon Schmidt	On Smoking	141
Nancy Taylor	The Artist	145



*John Ciminello*  
**EVERYWHERE**

Where are you and who are you?

Are you a lotus eater dreaming away another afternoon,  
are you an illusionist turning men into pigs,  
or a giant with a patch on your eye  
taunted until you blindly hurtle boulders the size of VW Bugs  
into the sea?

Or are you perhaps the tormentor-in-chief  
safe inside a bottle corked for another adventure  
shouting back to needle the powers that be,  
“I am nowhere and I am no one.”

Poised on the precipice above,  
do you wonder why survival  
depends on the perfect gesture  
of listening?

When I am nowhere,  
I am everywhere,  
in the earthquake and in the mica of the granite,  
in the mutton and in the lanolin of the fleece  
in the grape and in the delirium of wine,  
in the sail and in the promise of the wind.

When I am no one,  
I am a wanderer in search of signs,  
seeking clues in the clouds of mud beneath my boots,  
in the ripple of the seventh wave,  
and in the fiery belly  
of the stars.

*Zachery O'Connor*

# REGAINING OUR EQUILIBRIUM

From plastic-compound desk chairs  
we look out—through glare-free titanium  
scratch-resistant eyewear and polycarbonate  
security windows—at the rooster tail makings  
of a harvest moon, the dust devil  
effusions of the thresher discs; mechanized  
beasts that seem to us alien  
and wild, something not encountered  
in our digital jungle gyms  
and pixilated playgrounds. We scrape our knees  
surfing the fiber-optics, we insulate our sun  
burned faces in plastic sleeves, and we win  
first kisses from lips of liquid crystals.

At 3:05 the synthesized school bell hums  
and we ride its velvet sound waves  
down the facility's oatmeal corridors,  
we ricochet off the beige  
honeycomb ceilings and red steel doors,  
along the copper pathways etched into  
the circuit boards of suburbia  
until we reach our tiny, tidy bedrooms,  
the flannel covered crow's-nests  
of youth's corvette in which we're cloistered,  
charging our lithium in imitation leather,  
lonely as gods who rebut extinction  
by becoming our own adherents.

Dead skin on our digits is softening and sloughing away,  
like old exoskeletons from which we're crawling, revealing  
our wet doughy bulks that we'll heave to the highest  
branches of these strange trees  
in hopes that our new wings will harden,  
will haul us closer to heaven in numbers  
without precedent. But the natural world  
anticipates the boom, its slack maw hanging open at a slant,  
and after every creature's thirst is slaked,  
every middle full of our excess up to the gullet,  
we'll all sink back down to peat, to the roots  
of a gnarled tree and knotted memory,  
and a heavy, balanced dark.

*Tricia Gates Brown*

## PONDERING THE WOMEN WHO, GIVEN NO CHOICE, MOURNED LEISURE

Pondering the women who, given no choice, mourned leisure

Noticing the dogs make a blanket of sun,  
I move out under the bee tree, hear them  
barely for the sound of lawn mower, bird  
song, creek song, jitter of bamboo chime.

But the bees sidle close, outline the page  
where I write, asking, what is there to say  
but the blue of forget-me-nots, a bow  
on the horizon, tip-toeing on this April

day? Moondust euphorbia, raspberry peony,  
hands to the Lord, erysimum navel orange,  
stretching side-long to the violet of hyacinth?  
Even the aspenwood risks its leafing. Let

the wind kiss you, the bee-monk says, let it  
always take longer, this kissing. Cat slinks under  
my leg, its warm fur an invitation, and  
finally I give in, stubborn as a beam. Is it not

better to lie in a blanket of sun?

Alex Autio

# THE SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN

I have become a slave. You may have too, but perhaps have not noticed it. In fact, our whole society is tightly bound; we are possessed by our possessions. My masters are not sentient beings, but are small collections of plastic, wires, glass and microchips, with tiny half-bitten apples engraved upon them. They fit in the palm of my hand, beeping, buzzing, and pulling at my attention. I live in a world of social media, a world full of texts, tweets, updates, and apps. In my temperature-controlled environment, bathed in artificial light, I tend to forget the feeling of grass between my toes and the sensation of snow as it melts against my skin. I find it hard to distinguish real life from my own virtual reality. I cannot escape this swirling vortex of technology, and often find myself glued to a screen, my eyes sore and vision blurred by the harsh, bright glare. But when I find myself too wrapped up in this artificial world, I am reminded there is a place where I can take refuge from all the clamor of life, and the buzz of my phone. I find my solace there, far away from any power grid, surrounded by the soft hues of nature. Mt. Hood is my place of escape, my place of liberation; when I experience its profound beauty and explore its snow covered forests, I feel like these 21st century chains of mine are broken—and I am finally free.

On a typical trip to Mt. Hood, we leave our home in Brownsmead, Oregon, long before the sun climbs over the horizon. The journey to Mt. Hood Meadows ski resort takes a little more than two and a half

hours, so at five in the morning my family loads our gear into our most snow-worthy transportation, a four-wheel drive Toyota Sequoia, and departs by six. The trip is not a boring one. My dad, Mike, puts on our favorite music: bluegrass. My younger sister Grace and I sip steaming coffee and howl along to Bill Monroe's high lonesome sound as we wind slowly towards the mountain. Nothing makes a road trip better than the bitter, acidic sensation of coffee waking up my taste buds, and ringing banjos and haunting harmonies waking up my ears. Bluegrass originated in the Appalachian Mountains, and even though we are in the Cascades, I can still sense a connection between the music and our mountainous surroundings.

As we approach Government Camp I crane my neck through the passenger window, watching for the first signs of snow. It starts first as a dirty grey slush, a gravel covered streak half melted on the roadside, but as we gain elevation it starts to whiten, and soon covers the ground. Its depth grows, first a foot of snow, then two or three. I can never tell exactly when it happens, but in an instant we are whisked away to a different world. I seem to have blinked my sleepy eyes, only to open them in the most amazing snow globe you'll ever see. The branches of the enormous evergreens bend beneath their load of heavy "Cascade cement" as we skiers call the local snow. It is everywhere, and is of the purest kind, draping the earth like clean white sheets. It fills the road, the

whole world, and even tries to fill the air as the wind carries it across the highway. The orange twelve-foot poles that mark the snow depth are almost completely buried, and the guardrail is nowhere to be found. Like flowing sand, tiny drifts of snow seep onto the road, and Dad drives carefully to not get stuck in one. The rays of the golden fiery sun burst through the trees, and I catch a glimpse of the mountain above us, a flickering image, appearing and disappearing as we work our way towards it. We drive onward, through countless masterpieces of nature, until we round a bend, and there before us, its jagged peak framed in a glowing sapphire sky, is Mt. Hood, in all its glory.

We pull into the parking lot about eighty-five, not bad, and we give a rousing cheer when we pass under the arch emblazoned with the resort logo. The parking lot hasn't been snowplowed since early this morning, which has given Mother Nature ample time to fill it back about six inches high. Only a few cars sit at the front of the lodge, and their respective tire tracks crisscross over the open field of snow. When I open my door I feel the sting of the frigid air on my skin, and it burns my lungs as I step out in the snow. The air has a slight tinge of rotten eggs, carried down from the sulfur spewing volcanic vents at the top of the mountain. My tennis shoe clad feet tingle in my socks, for already, as we work to unload the car, the snow's cold wet fingers have reached inside them. The ski lifts open at nine, so we hurriedly put on our gear, unload our skis, and walk to the lifts, like awkward astronauts in our clunky ski boots.

Mt. Hood is now towering high above us, pyramid shaped, just what a mountain should look like. Little patches of white fog obscure the peak. A few thousand feet below the desolate peak the tree line begins, first as

small ice encased shrubs, and then expands into a rolling forest of tall dark fir trees. The Mt. Hood Express, the resort's main ski lift, climbs straight up the middle of this forest, and disappears over the large hill called "Show-off," a black diamond run directly underneath the lift. If you crash trying to impress the lift riders on this run, expect hoots of laughter from above. As the lift steadily hums on our ride up, I see many of my favorite runs from a bird's perspective. To the right, near the top is Powder Keg, a tree bordered chute that begins with a small cliff. Many times there I have clenched my teeth and clumsily fallen through the air, my knees buckling beneath me as I land and ski away, adrenaline and exhilaration coursing through my veins. Straight down the mountainside is "The Face," wide and steep, and as we float above it I recall tucking my body like a racer, pointing my skis straight down the hill, and holding on tight as I fly down the hill. These are all great runs, but as we reach the top of the lift, I have only one particular place on my mind.

The ground swoops up to place us back on earth as we dismount the chairlift. Dad, Grace and I, without speaking, already know where we will go—left, towards the warming hut and then another sharper left onto "Ridge Run." I feel the ground move under my skis as we take the first small hill, and Grace shouts, "Race you to Four Bowl!" then takes off as fast as she can go, her dark blue and white jacket flapping like a flag in the wind. I spout some near unintelligible cry of "Not fair, I wasn't ready," but quickly get over it as I tuck in and dive bomb down the hill. Though I try, I can't catch her. As we reach the bottom we careen around the Ridge Run turn-off, and in an instant we are on a narrow trail, overlooking a wide valley, with signs marking the black diamond runs

where you can plunge off the ridge's edge. We pass by the first three signs, then at the fourth we dig in the edges of our skis and come to a screeching halt. As Dad and I come to a stop behind Grace, I skid hard to the left, and my skis send a shower of snow high in the air at her. She sends a snowball in retort, and it smashes into my face, and a shock runs through my body as the chilly slush breaks into a million pieces. The snow laden trees ring with our laughter. No earthly possession, or piece of technology, can replicate what I feel at that moment.

At Four Bowl we split up, for we all love different runs, and Dad's deep voice booms, "See you at the bottom!" as I ski on, passing underneath the tall Four Bowl sign. I turn off the edge, and Four Bowl's steep precipitous

slope opens wide before me. I can hear the skiers glide above me on the ridge, but there is no one but me down below. As I take my first careful turns I hear the soft swish of my edges cutting deep into the snow, and I carve wide tracks down the tree-covered hill, my mind at ease, and my spirit free. As I near the bottom of the hill, the high spruce trees envelop me, and I take a narrow trail into a small canyon, to my "secret spot." Through this narrow gulch a mountain stream gurgles and sings joyfully down the mountainside, sometimes covered in snow, and then cascades into view, splashing on its rocky bed. I stop here, by the stream, surrounded by God's towering forest cathedral. I take a deep breath, and a smile crawls across my face. Here, as I listen to the song of the mountain, my soul is set free.



Vicki Baker, *Winter Stroll*  
Monotype

*John Ciminello*

# FIRSTS (A TASTE OF SNOW)

## 1

First snow, first star, first cloud  
of breath hanging in a sky bigger than our differences  
and older than this barren landscape  
asleep and dreaming in shades of green,  
I make noise with my feet to stay warm  
and then it happens,  
the air tingles with the alchemy of water,  
a trick of elemental physics  
one speck of dust with six lattices of crystals  
frozen and falling with mathematical whimsy  
all sparkle and refracted glory, like a stained glass galaxy  
and I stick out my tongue to taste a constellation  
of melting stars.

## 2

Waiting for the first breath,  
the first twitch of life ascendant  
and everyone in the room holds their breath  
midwives prep for respiratory distress,  
from the back of the room,  
a voice with more intention than fear says,  
“breathe little one, breathe,”  
a prayer, a whispered chant of comfort, a debt one for another  
and in the confusion, a half-gasp awakens  
the trembling soul inside his tiny chest,  
waiting outside, the fire tenders begin a welcoming song  
to this wet bedazzled stranger a heart beat away  
from the threshhold.

### 3

First try, first wobble, first tumble  
and all is well back to the beginning in a fool's paradise,  
like chasing adventure on summer afternoons,  
skinning knees by stirring up dust and trouble,  
or like going back to school to learn the history of firsts  
from the conquest of Jerusalem to a walk on the moon  
the vanity of crown, flag and corporate cross,  
all less than the expansive breath of the first kiss,  
first love, first heartbreak,  
no different now,  
alone, waiting outside as winter illuminates the grey,  
in the air I can almost taste the coming  
of the first snow.

*Micah T. Dugan*  
**CAREENING**

It stabbed me like a jagged nightmare.  
I treated the cut with a tobacco tabasco sunset in the midst of a lonesome dawn.  
Pacing the jetty amongst wafting fish head salt foam in the machine gun mist.  
Bleeding and brooding  
over the shallow singe of feelings largely unrequited.  
The virginity of the human heart is a terribly fragile thing.

Down and out in the place of my birth.

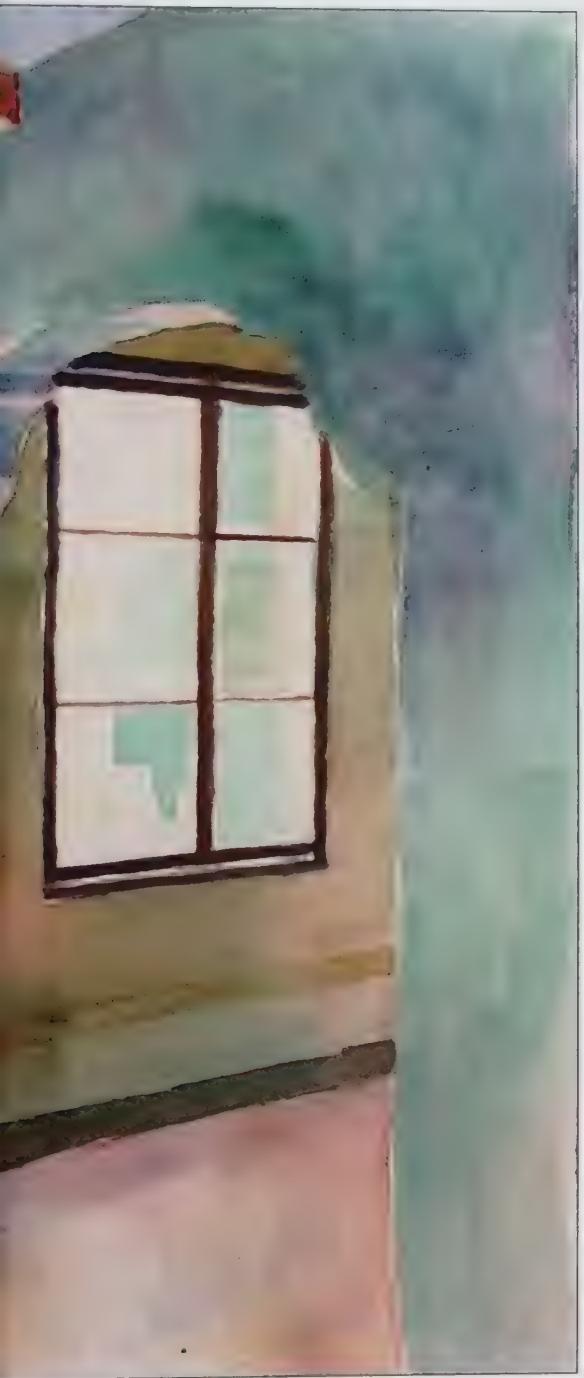
Have you ever seen the northern lights through a spine  
like a keyhole periscope? I have...and it is nothing to write home about.  
Nor something to write here about.  
The moonlight mosaic echoes Jerusalem  
and the clouds that hang on the horizon take the shapes of vaginas  
and descend down into the minds of intrepid men brimming with bravado.  
With one wing fluttering they stagger into the neon night  
a forty of Olde English in one hand,  
a pocketful of Clonozepam  
and wearing the fossils of better men.

Young love is by far the most oblivious.  
The pain gives meaning.  
The heart bounces in the sprawl  
and crawls towards the eternal return.  
Under Leviathan Truss, where the river meets the sea  
I stand  
and I move into sand.  
Swallowed to the knees as the quiet comes.

I stretch my arms out,  
palms upward toward the hit and miss engine of heaven.  
Enveloped on either side by a cape of disappointment  
and a Goliath monument to the harpoon.  
And with frost bitten ventricles and a shivering soul  
I lay back.  
One in becoming a latitude.  
A mere drop  
in the bottomless limbo of azure.



Amanda Hanlon, *Apartment*  
Watercolor



A've Middlefield

## THE UNDISTURBED ROOM

**I**t is a comfort to know that some things never change. That there is a sameness to those things that remain a fond memory cherished that may be called upon when circumstances become difficult. The gentle breeze off the Front Range<sup>1</sup>, the warmth of a summer's day and the cool refreshing quench of a mountain stream. These are the memories of my childhood locked away in the home of my parents and the familiar neighborhood of Bonnie Brae in Denver, Colorado.

Entering through the blackened wrought iron gate, I walked the worn flagstone path and the broken, uneven steps to our old brick Tudor. It had been nearly 20 years since I left, a discontented young man of 19 years. The impetuous youth who wanted to change the world and lay waste to our society of abusers; idealistic and discontented, but most of all just young. Slipping the key into the door, the ridged assemblaged fit, I tread the wood floors with their knowing creaks and snaps, a light coat of dust on the window sill and fireplace mantle. The furniture set as I remembered, even the smell, that mix of dust and familiarity. Living in the same house for over 40 years, my parents became part of the house and in their way the house a part of them. Old photographs and paintings of some distant relation long forgotten and sometimes remembered line the shelves and wall. A curio filled with the small collection of mom's travels; spoons, thimbles and porcelain whatnots, a treasure trove of little oddities and sacred belongings. Placed as they now set for years, then decades, unmoved as if their location was the very spot they were

meant to inhabit forever.

I walked from room to room replaying the memories in each; the joyful Christmases in our cushioned and pillowled family room, the quiet hum of my father's study and the singing voice of my mother as she baked in the kitchen. This was the gathering ground for my family, a place where all things are possible but mostly delicious. It nourished the body and soothed, the soul to share the bounty of good food with a house full of family and friends, holiday or not. The indescribable joy of conversation and laughter with those who know your strengths, your weaknesses, your dreams, yet accept you as you have become. Living those bygone times, surrounded by the many cousins, relations and old school chums were filled with commotion and chaos, yet fondly recalled and so fleeting short. The truly good times in life seem to pass quickly, little do we realize this or even recognize it when it is upon us. They are the memories of our lifetime.

The unconscious stroll through the house to the backyard steps, three down with wooden handrail, a small but well manicured lawn and garden, my mother's pride and joy. Hours spent clipping and trimming, planting and weeding, the unending hours of joyful labor tending to her new offsprings once her own were gone. It is smaller than I remember, but the songbirds still sing their happy tune and the bees are busy dancing from alstroemerias to forget-me-nots to lavendered haze and the assorted succulents. The colors of the rainbow expressed in the living greenery about the xeriscape<sup>2</sup> my father had carefully dug, trenched and drip irrigated to mom's design, of course. She was

the conservationist in our family, and before it became popular I might add. Running my hand along the exterior wall, the roughness of the brick, the pitted texture of the mortar I whisper, "How are you old friend? Do you miss the days of joy and laughter? Do you ever think it would be nice to have children running along your creaky wood floors or letting the screened back door slam as before? Forgive me," as I said my silent goodbyes.

There is something about an old family home where recollections are stored within the plastered walls, the air that breathes, the very silence surround. It shelters and protects the family with its brick walls and shingled roof. It ages as a fine wine and is renewed again when we paint and restore. It comforts us in its familiarity like an old pair of blue jeans. There are times when we take it for granted, thinking it will always be there, forever a part of me, a part of us. I slowly walked through the front door and pulled the brass antiqued handle shut for the last time, my parents had passed the year before. The old brick tudor, wrought iron gate and worn flagstone path, with all its dusty remembrances, had sold in September to a young family with small children. It is the way, the very best way of renewal; the laughter of small children, the barking of a dog and the familiar creaky wood floors. A fresh set of memories in the undisturbed room.

---

<sup>1</sup>Front Range: A reference to the southern Rocky Mountains Range located in the central portion of the state of Colorado.

<sup>2</sup>Xeriscape: Landscaping and gardening that reduces or eliminates the need for supplemental water.

*James Dott*  
**TIME**

If time is an arrow released on an arcing flight toward entropy  
what comes when it slows, drops, strikes target, or will it wing  
endlessly? Was there time or nothing before the immense density,  
the extreme heat, at the instant the universe banged into being,

inflating through dark ages to accreted light with its own out-breath?  
What does this matter to gnats, planets, suns, all things short-lived?  
Only that time gives each its story, propels plots, ensures each death.  
Without it no voice, no words, no names, no worlds sorted and sieved.

Can time bend back on itself, a cloth dropped carelessly over a table,  
could one pass through an unmended hole as in memory or imagination?  
And predictions, prophecies are they all guesses or are some truly able  
to see through the folds? But let's say that time is only a fabrication,

an illusion of our minds seeking to map the essential nothingness,  
where all there is or was is void, floating unchanged, so, timeless.

*Emily French*  
**GENESIS**

Moss, wood smoke, water.  
The scent of a long night's rain.  
Fog and firmament, etched in white,  
lingering in stillness.  
I perceived a hand with long,  
fragile fingers, lovingly  
caressing a child's face.  
Opaque rain quietly falls,  
plump droplets splash open  
on ferns and forest violets.  
Breezes stir fallen boughs.  
Vine maple leaves flutter and twist.  
Dusking clouds gathered.

I lay down in the forest,  
cradled in soft, nourishing hollows,  
surfaced tree roots beneath my head.  
A jagged piece of sky hovered.  
Weightlessly breathing damp, bright air.  
I let my mind go, my body dissolved.  
Crossing into another world,  
just beneath the edge.  
A calling of truth, light seeking light.  
Experimental cerebral quests-  
rambling colors effervesce and fade.  
Dimensions lazily arc and turn.  
Wistful, curious notions expand.

I felt my skin tingle, tightening.  
The air was cooling quickly.  
Barometrical clouds assembled,  
to rally against my inspiration, to  
reduce my brilliance to smudges.  
Silhouettes erasing, pieces scattering,  
My internal capacity shrinking.  
Almost-conclusions dropping over cliffs,  
into an abyss. I chased after them.  
Treacherous- the storm took shape.  
Distended, filling every open space.  
Compressing my spirit,  
diminishing my resolve.

I could not recognize my surroundings.  
Distorted, murky impressions.  
The growling storm billowed,  
lightening whipped at the ground.  
With a reverberating snort, it  
dove towards me. I ran!  
Mother's earnest warning  
pushed into my psyche,  
“Go into the ground with the rain.  
Hide in the safe hopes of innocence.  
Don't let it take you!”  
Inky vapors slithered across my neck,  
shuddering, I ran faster.

I panicked, hungry snarls at my back,  
Gales furiously pursuing me.  
Tears spread over my cheeks-  
icy drippings in my ears.  
Fear burned in my belly.  
Singes of regret, I was failing.  
Everything was gone. Why?  
Exhaustion, undermining and cruel,  
whittling away my determination.  
The storm had reached me,  
pressing against my back. Fearfully,  
I looking over my shoulder.  
A single misstep. Gasping, I fell.

Broken, fallen, finished.  
The defeated sob of surrender.  
A new darkness was developing.  
I perceived a liquid mass, heavy  
and compressed, yet resisting.  
One final reach for my inspirations-  
but they were in that abyss.  
Maybe I was there, too. Yet,  
Where are my lines that turn?  
Where are my questions that tumble?  
Where are my curiosities that spin?  
Where are my pictures the slide?  
Slowly breathing, my eyes closed.

A zephyr saved me. Deftly  
swept into its embrace.  
Lifelessly suspended, rising  
in a vertical gradient.  
Rays of light reached for me.  
Skin warming, energy  
flickering, my eyes opened.  
A slow, balmy inhale.  
I saw colors! Prismatic,  
changing in the ascent-  
blue, green, yellow, white.  
Awestruck, gazing upward,  
resting in the current.

We broke the surface. Oh,  
realm of glorious suns!  
Looking down, the storm was  
churning inside a tiny sphere.  
Mist rose from the zephyr's path,  
encapsulating me. Embalmed  
in filtered water and light-  
spirit glowing, my body healed.  
Wonder extending my vision,  
introduced to new dimensions.  
My quests were there, fragmented  
pathways, in tessellating pigments.  
Kaleidoscopes, infinitely curious.

Comprehension.  
Illumination.  
Creation.



Kimberly Adams, *Alluring Dunes*  
Digital Photograph

Mindy Hardwick

# WINDOWS AND DOORWAYS OF JUVENILE DETENTION

The rain sleet sideways across the brick walls of the juvenile detention center. I pull open one of the heavy, glass doors and struggle against a gust of wind. December in the Pacific Northwest is neither kind nor gentle. But, after fifteen years of living here, I have come to love the moody and unpredictable fall and winter wind storms. I place my canvas bag, filled with poetry books and a yellow tablet of paper, on the security scanner. Removing my belt and dropping it on the scanner, I inhale deeply, as if holding my breath will lift me above the rays zeroing in on every inch of me when I walk through the security camera. Today, I have followed all rules for dress and there are no beeps. The guard who watches me will not have to use her wand to scan me.

After picking up all my belongings and, slipping my belt through the loops on my jeans, I walk down a small hallway and take a sharp left into another waiting area. The room is filled with chairs and tables that are attached to each other and the floor. Leaflets and pamphlets about recovery centers, homeless shelters and ways to spot violence cover the small tables. In the three years that I've been coming to the detention center, I've never seen anyone reading these booklets. The only thing read by the waiting visitors are the poetry chapbooks, which I leave on the tables. There are no bylines in the poems and identifying details of crimes, addictions, and friends and family are removed from each poem. There is nothing in the words of the poems to tell a parent or sibling this

writer is related to them. But it doesn't matter to the waiting families. The voice of each anonymous writer from the poetry workshop is more than enough.

As I walk past the waiting family members, I see their clenched jaws and eyes hardened with the effort of keeping the sadness, fear, pain and love bottled up inside. As I pass, I want to tell them I understand this struggle. I was also a family member in a waiting room. The sterile and cool alcohol and drug treatment center room looked a lot like the waiting room of the juvenile detention--empty except for vinyl chairs and tables filled with pamphlets about the family disease of alcoholism on wire racks. There were no poetry books in the treatment center. At the time, Mom thought it would be a good idea if I attended my younger brother's family week at the treatment center. Only months before the family week, my parents finally pulled the trigger on their divorce. Years later, my brother won't talk much about that time in the treatment center except to say, "I had to have two family weeks. Mom and Dad couldn't even get along long enough to come to family week at the same time. No one has two family weeks. No one."

After passing a few waiting family members, I head for a row of red, metal lockers on the wall. Opening a bottom row locker, I drop my car keys inside, insert a quarter and pocket the key in my canvas bag. Turning to a glass window behind me, a guard waits on the other side of the window. His face is empty and void of expression as he pushes

a metal drawer toward me. Although I have been facilitating the poetry workshop for over a year, and recognize this guard, he says nothing and neither do I. I place my driver's license inside the drawer and push it toward him. He picks up my license and places it on a counter. Without smiling, he drops a plastic "volunteer" badge into the drawer and shoves it back to me. I open the drawer, pull out the badge and clip it to my jeans' belt loop. Sometimes, when the volunteer badges are running low, I receive a "Professional" badge. I want to be a professional and paid for my work. But, money for an individual artist, who isn't a non-profit, seems to be a hard thing to find.

The heavy door beside me clicks open and I step inside a small, enclosed glass area. There is a locked door in front of me and a locked door behind me. I take deep breaths and try to let go. From this point, I am no longer free. Every step I take will be monitored by the small cameras on the ceiling. I will have to wait for someone to open my doors so I can move into new spaces. Sometimes the wait inside the two doors is long as the guard's cameras scan other areas of the detention centers before returning to my space in between doors. This wait is not so unlike the writing cycle I am in, waiting for my young adult novel to sell. Young adult novels are booming, and every writer I know seems a part of that boom. But, I am receiving rejections on one of my young adult novels while trying to rewrite another one back to my own vision after too many well-meaning critiques.

Today, the wait is short and the second lock clicks open. I step into a fluorescent lit hallway with colorful green and blue tiles. They are the same tiles used in the remodel of the middle school where I once taught seventh and eighth grade. A guard escorts

me down a long hallway, which smells like laundry detergent and food. We pass the laundry room and stacks of orange t-shirts and pants with elastic waist bands on a shelf. A woman, wearing light green slacks and a matching top, walks past us. She pushes a cart with milk cartons and oranges. This is the afternoon snack at the detention center. I peek into the gymnasium. Rubber balls and yoga mats are scattered on the floor. Detention center gym class seems a lot better than my own years of high school gym, where we played endless days of volleyball and I prayed not to be hit in the face with the ball.

The guard and I reach the end of the hallway. Another guard sits at a command station in the middle of the octagonal pod. He talks to two guards who lean against the counter. There are multiple buttons and cameras around him. As we approach, the guard reaches under the counter. The double doors, leading into one of the four end units, clicks open. I scurry forward. My heart beat faster the way it always does in the moment I enter the units. I'm not scared of violence breaking out while I'm there, and I will never experience an incident during the years I lead the poetry workshop. It's the kids themselves that intimidate me the most. Welcome to our unit, they say as a chair is held out to me. But their eyes see inside to all those secrets I've ever held and I squirm.

It is two weeks before Christmas, yet there is nothing in the unit which tells me the holidays are around the corner. A hundred pound table sits in the middle of the unit and seven chairs surround it. There is a printed chess game on the table. I've never seen anyone play the chess game, nor have I ever seen pieces for a chess game. A row of cell doors surrounds the room. The faces of the girls peer out of small, rectangular windows.

Some make faces at me, others simply stare. None of them look away.

A young lady, who I have worked with often in the workshop, stands in the center of the unit by a food cart full of milk cartons and oranges. Alicia's orange detention center t-shirt is too big for her and she has rolled up the sleeves. One is longer than the other.

"Do you want one?" She holds out a carton of milk.

I smile at her and shake my head.

Alicia has reached a level five in the unit. She is allowed to be released from her cell in order to serve the other girls their snack. Alicia picks up a pair of plastic green gloves lying on the cart. She slips them and places one milk carton and one orange next to each place at the table.

As Alicia works, I count out six poetry books and set them next to the oranges. Each year, a special fund in the detention center provides the workshop with a grant to publish a select collection of poetry. After the weekly session, I collect the poems and store them in a manila folder. At the end of each nine-month poetry workshop cycle, I sift through the hundreds of collected poems to select fifty for the book. The selected poems are a cross-section of voices and topics from the previous nine-months of the workshop. The detention rules say that a release form must be obtained for each poem included in the book. It is these release forms which give us the most problems.

The release forms must be signed by a parent or a guardian. Many times those are not easy people to track down. The program supervisor and her staff make call after call to parents while trying to find parents in visitation. Some have gone as far as stopping by the poet's house for a parent signature. But there are always a handful of release forms which are not returned. These poems

are not published, and like a teen returning from court with a sentence rather than a release date, the poems are not freed.

The smell of cleansing chlorine permeates the room and I chew hard on my spearmint gum. Alicia takes off her plastic gloves and places them on the cart. She pushes the cart to the door of the unit. At some point, a food handler will remove the cart with the trash. I stare at Alicia's long braid hanging down her back. Dark hair weaves with blonde hair. She's been here long enough for the artificial color of her hair to blend with her real hair. I think of my own six to seven week appointments for hair coloring and how, without those frequent appointments, dark roots take over the center of my part.

In late September, Alicia's folder showed two weeks of school points for good behavior. I mentally count. Halloween and Thanksgiving are over. Christmas is around the corner. Will she be released before New Year?

"What are we writing?" Alicia pulls out a plastic green chair and sits opposite me.

"Open doorways. We're going to write about open doors in our lives." I reach into my bag and take out a stack of doorway pictures, which I've created by taking apart an illustrated book of doors. Each picture shows a different door. Some doors are covered in ivy. Some are wrought iron. Other doors are painted bright turquoise blue.

The doorway writing exercise is usually a favorite. Sometimes, I bring white paper and the girls draw doorways. The girls like imagining a door opening before them. They like to talk about the possibilities of what lies beyond that door. Most of the dreams involve a husband, children and a happy family—things they have never had themselves.

"We wrote that before," Alicia accuses.

"That was months ago." I don't look at

Alicia. I have failed her by repeating a writing exercise. But, the population at the detention center is always changing. Different faces fill the workshop each week. It's easy to slip in a writing assignment we did a month or two before, and I didn't feel like planning a new writing lesson. I've just gotten another rejection on my novel. This time it's from an editor at a major publishing house. I had high hopes for this submission. The editor requested the manuscript at a conference months before I finished my MFA degree. I told her I wanted to wait to submit the full manuscript until I graduated. She agreed. When I finally submitted the story, the editor held it for a year. I hoped the story was working its way through the acquisition process. But, that afternoon, I received a personal rejection. The editor liked the story, but something didn't quite feel right. The voice just wasn't the same as what she remembered in the original critique at the conference.

Alicia opens her manila school folder. It's covered in happy Hello Kitty stickers, heart and Christmas tree stickers. The edges are bent and long lines of dates trail down the inside cover. Beside each date is a teacher's initial with the assigned points for the day. The points are for participation in class. Alicia has told me she doesn't like P.E. She receives ones or zeroes for participation. But, she enjoys history. They talk current events in history. She always receives full points in history.

I reach inside my bag and hand Alicia a stack of lined paper. Most of the time, the only paper in the unit is plain white typing paper. The girls like the drawing paper, but Alicia likes the lined paper. Sometimes, when I return the following week, she hands me a poem she's written in her neat handwriting.

Today, she shuffles the paper into a pile

and places it on top of her stack of colorful drawings. Alicia places her hand over her folder. "I just can't," she says. "Not today."

She turns away from me. "It's not you. I just can't. I can't go to that place today."

"Okay." I know the feeling. I'm not sure I can keep writing either. Some days, like today, when the rejections arrive, I'm sure I will never write another word. I'm sure none of my books will ever be read by anyone. I'm sure I will tuck away this dream to be a published writer into a drawer and never look at again.

Silence sits between Alicia and me. I will not fill the silence with chatter. I have nothing to tell her today. I have no words of wisdom. I can't reassure either of us that we will both write again. Today, the silence is all I can do.

The guard clears her throat and rises from her seat by the door. She shuffles keys in her hands as if she's the keeper of animals at a zoo. "I'm going to let the girls out of their cells. It's time for the workshop."

One-by-one the guard unlocks the doors and the girls shuffle to the tables. Their orange pants hang low on their waists and their feet are enclosed in orange socks and plastic orange sandals. Once the girls are seated in plastic chairs, which unlike the hundred pound tables, can be tossed very easily, the workshop hour passes quickly. The girls giggle and chat about their writing, but Alicia turns away from everyone and writes her own poem. At the end of the hour, she slides it over to me. "You can keep it," she says. "I don't want to read it."

"Is it okay to get a permission slip and publish it in our book?" I ask.

Alicia shrugs as if any decision about her writing is just too much for her today.

The guard motions to the clock on the wall which keeps track of the hour. Our hour

is up and it is time for rec. Quickly, I slip Alicia's poem into the folder along with the other girls' poems. I tell the girls good-bye and remind them to keep writing.

Most of the girls call out, goodbyes and thanks for coming. But, Alicia does not say good-bye. Both of us know that she will still be here next week.

I repeat my path back through doors, which open and close by someone else clicking remote control buttons. Finally,

the last door shuts behind me and I take a deep breath. It is only here, at the end of the workshop, that I realize I don't breathe deeply while in the poetry workshop. I reach the metal lockers and reclaim my keys. Every week, when my fingers touch my keys, something settles inside of me. It's the same feeling I've had since I was a teen and could finally drive on my own. As long as the car keys are in my hand, I am free to come and go when I want.



Nancy Cook, *Girlhood*  
Photograph

*Lance Nizami*

## -OGRAPHY

Digitization

All thoughts are now made number strings

All thoughts are now stored sequences, all set for promulgation

All set for promulgation, to stream to others' eyes and ears  
To stream to others' eyes and ears, by way of our machines

By way of our machines; so much for privacy  
So much for independence, our privacy's coincidental child

And even when machines are off, still all around we're touched by waves of  
numbers  
We're touched by number waves, invisible

In air, the waves are radio, are microwave, are infra-red  
All carry numbers, strings of numbers coded now as strings of photons  
Strings of photons wrap around us, waves and particles of numbers

The coded facts refract around us, shower us, we're washed by unknown secrets  
We're washed by unknown secrets, but they do not clean our hearts and minds

We're dirty here, and dirtier still when photons are decoded  
Devices free the conversations, waves of photons turned to waves of diaphragm  
vibrations

Diaphragm vibrations; so now we are a voyeur tribe, purposely or otherwise  
A voyeur tribe, each voyeur's titillation shown for others' titillation

Digitization

All thoughts are now made number strings

All thoughts are now stored sequences, all set for promulgation.

*John Hagerty*  
AND WOLVES

Here I am in space  
I signed up on a whim  
the way a young man might  
“Suspended Consciousness  
For Extended Space Flight!”  
Sleep for eighty years  
both ways  
good money  
And everything and everyone  
I ever knew I’d never see again  
Just like young men  
have ventured off into  
new and unknown frontiers  
for as long as there’s been man  
and wolves  
Get paid to make everything change  
Just say good bye  
Or don’t

*Dan Earl Simmons*

## DECEMBER

December is a faraway place  
of brimstone and snow that hisses  
like the last damp breaths of a pale  
and powerless king coughing-up  
spittle in the only color that counts.

It clinks like ice cubes floating  
in the cold light-brown of the first  
of many poured one after the other  
from a just-bought bottle smeared  
by tears and sweaty caresses.

December causes the wistful cinnamon  
of your kisses to turn each gray exhale  
into a frigid contemplation of your smile  
and how it became the reason I awaken  
shivering, remembering every minute of it.

# Donald Hutton

## CHINESE HORSE

There was a time, before wandering began, when Dupher planned on taking to the ocean bluffs to perform seppuku, but things kept moving, trips to bars, shortcuts home, falling over tops of back yard fences, having to retrace his steps, until he found his dropped keys, while the startled groups of illuminated faces peered out to the black, from back windows, at the lost white man, drunk in their yard.

Bella's appearance in his life was beyond comprehension, a married woman, attractive, smart, artistic, well-traveled, met in the play-time bars, while he, in full bent of yet another black-out, spent to the last penny, hung twirled above black memory holes, while she knocked in his squatter's door, as if the glad-hand gallon of wine in her hand was bottomless joy.

It made no sense. And how could such a short revelry, turn to absence of forgiveness, the broken, yielded, apartment door hanging on one hinge, presence of police, a bloodied, punched-out window in the stairwell, trips to the halls of justice, domestic squalor, the need for further escape, without thought, without feeling, without a prayer.

Then, forty years later, Dupher had to come back. After the East Coast, Mid-West, Central Europe, Southeast Asia, the Big Apple, Alaska, the Northwest, as if some blind-hand of resolution had hold of the back of his neck and had pushed him, to tend an old sick friend wherever sick would go, as if, when you've known someone forever, sometimes you just had to show up.

Now he told the face in the mirror he knew where sickness went, it went away in one's eyes like a season, wrapped in a shroud of ashes, of delusion. As do all notions of time and place searching for a lost host. The Kleenex box in her downstairs bedroom closet, stuffed with the record of all sorrows, written out carefully by hand onto little strips of neatly torn paper, that enumerated the years of tears, breaking him open as if an explosion had split his skull right down the middle, rending thought from feeling, feeling from thought, death to life.

The folded paper strips of paper ripping through all grand and proper imagining of past, present, and future. After experiencing this embodiment of flesh, bone, and wonder for forty years, who he had called lover, wife, help-mate, friend, he was rendered all-unknowing, completely blind.

Her one and only mention of his name, dated four years past, said sorry the relationship hadn't worked out. He had thrown the Kleenex box and all its contents, excepting one stating she longed to hug her brother Bill, to release the names of all her demons, which he had carried to the memorial in San Francisco, into the top back shelf of the closet.

It had not helped, and only confirmed his cowardice, his inability to cope, his ten-thousand regrets, his vain attempts to insure a future with no pain, to protect and preserve all folly to the very bitter end.

He found no comfort in the notion that he was just one of many, that he was only who

he was, that there was something to salvage from such a wreck. It did occur to him he was not now who he thought he was, that he was never who he thought he was, and that he would never be who he thought he was or would be, given just one more chance. It did not occur to him that such revelations could serve or save even a flea on an alley cat. He was still student waiting for teacher to appear, after all that time. A slow learner, a late bloomer, a Chinese horse that must feel the whip in the marrow of its bones, before it moves.

The next day he came back from his hour's walk, and straight to her closet, so confused he didn't know if he had thrown the Kleenex box out or just imagined he had, or if it had been sitting there since he originally discovered it. It was there. He showered, ate, and went back for the contents, for another read, a search for some meaning, some purpose, some explanation, some divine right to define or circumscribe a palpable truth, or truth of any kind enabling him to humanize something worthy of preservation, a sense, a smile, a song, a hank of yarn, a piece of yellowed bone.

There were thirty-seven prayers in her Kleenex god-box. Twenty-to over money, thirteen concerned with her health, his

health, even the cat's health, and two asking for guidance or help with her computer, so she could resume book sales.

It was all there. The tyranny of money, the reality of the diminishing body, the frailty of the new electronic savior.

A bizarre new century mirroring a forced migration, led not by the gun but by the economic reality of moving from a \$45 an hour job and a \$1,500 per month rent, a life with a semblance of urban culture, to a decades old pocket of poverty and a \$473 per month mortgage for a seventy-year-old house born from a cow shed, and the social security of \$5 per hour, excluding cost of insurance and a series of catastrophic illnesses.

No place for the artist, no place to derive strength for the spirit facing death, slow or fast, but certain. The last flaying, empty, counter-intuitive grasping for joy, the inevitable, countervailing conclusion being a prayer for release, the charge and change of a new conclusion, the joy of a new, be it unknown, realm of safety, the separation from all pain and discomfort, the comic relief of co-mingling one's ashes with those of the host of all beginnings, the mother, father, of the free moving sea at lands' end, beyond the Golden Gate.

*Robert Michael Pyle*

## POWDERMILK AT THIRTY-TWO

“Long may you run”—Neil Young

Almost half my life ago, I bought  
this little car. We have driven  
nearly half a million miles since then.  
Now the old frayed seat belt  
(on a lifetime warranty!)  
is being replaced at Rose Honda  
where I bought her. The frame is rusted out,  
so Dave welds in a hunk of old bumper  
to take the bolts. Waiting,  
I sit at a picnic table behind a bank,  
in the shade of a dogwood  
in an ocean of asphalt  
under pale blue sky and deep green firs  
on the ridge beyond this mall,  
drinking a 24-ounce Heineken  
from a brown paper bag, and ask:  
what now, my old friend? When  
the very wind blows through your skin  
and your bones go red with rust—  
what now?

*Claude Hite*

## CIRCLING THE DRAIN

it was bound to happen  
with all those scientists  
working on the secrets  
of the universe

they got the answers  
about death and afterwards  
the big picture as they say  
though not everything

most of the universe  
had long been known to be  
dark matter and energy  
now we know the rest

it's the kingdom of death  
right in plain unsight  
life isn't lost but  
everything changes

every living thing that  
ever was is out there  
and science has linked contact with  
everyone that's dead

socrates and jesus  
our forefathers your parents  
and flying-saucer people  
from another world

but the project was ended  
by the government and churches  
other research showed how  
to tap free power

souls had no legal standing  
religions explicated hell  
there's energy for everything  
at half the old price

all those who went before  
watch forever waning  
what seemed eternal isn't  
now there is an end

their horror causes nightmares  
but doctors make a pill  
the people think of something else  
life goes on for now

we always trade tomorrow  
for slightly better nows  
we never seem to learn what  
we don't want to know



Katie Youngs, *A Voice Remains*  
Photograph

Sid Deluca

# MRS. GREENWOOD

First of all I must say I do enjoy living in a small town. There are times, however, when I feel like everyone knows everything I do and even a few things I don't do. I'm always trying to be careful not to step on anyone's toes and really one must maintain a certain level of decorum and politeness even to strangers. One never knows who knows who. In other words, things get around. Events and actions become convoluted, misunderstandings arise, folks take sides, reputations are ruined. To this end I present the case of Mrs. Evelyn Greenwood and the dead Dalmatian.

Mrs. Greenwood, retired from a large corporation in Seattle, settled years ago into a tidy home on a charming street and became a good, unobtrusive neighbor. Although she appeared either widowed, divorced or single (as there was no man, or woman for that matter, associated with her) she was referred to as Mrs. Greenwood.

Mrs. Greenwood occupied much of her time with gardening, reading, writing occasional poetry and dabbling in watercolors. She made genial conversation with everyone she met around town, always brought her own bag to the food co-op, drove an energy efficient vehicle and was a faithful recycler. She attended a weekly yoga class and was a regular at the monthly art walks. She had built up a small collection of work by local artists.

Although she occasionally stopped into a few local bars, coffee shops and restaurants, Mrs. Greenwood preferred to take most of

her meals at home. She enjoyed a quiet, peaceful life and was quite content in her adopted town. Underneath this veneer of happiness and acceptance, however, a deep dark awful secret about Mrs. Greenwood would soon emerge.

Now to fully grasp the weight of the incident that blew the lid off of Mrs. Greenwood's secret one must go back a month to the ill fated city council meeting where a proposed town dog park was being discussed. Mrs. Greenwood's presence at this meeting was rather accidental, as she had been out earlier having dinner and drinks with a friend with whom she got together once a month. An automobile accident several years ago had left Mrs. Greenwood with a rather painful neck situation that required pain pills. Halfway through dinner she realized that she had left the pills in her other hand bag, having chosen a more fashionable bag to take to dinner.

The dinner had been very pleasant and she enjoyed the glass of wine she ordered, and since her neck was not bothering her that evening she accepted her friend's invitation to stop in at the city council meeting. Everything was going along well, and she found the meeting rather interesting, but seemingly out of nowhere the pain began. Her head began to throb. Her eyes started to blur. It was difficult for her to follow the conversation at large. She whispered to her friend seated next to her that perhaps she'd better go. Her friend said that there was only one more issue for the council to discuss and

then they could slip out unnoticed. Mrs. Greenwood breathed deeply, clenched her hands together and hoped for the best.

The next issue of the agenda was the proposed dog park. Mrs. Greenwood had trouble discerning the dialogue but began thinking of all the stinky growling dogs that had ever ripped up her garden or crapped on her lawn or blocked her way as she was walking down the street in town, and how that one particularly awful dog had jumped on her and knocked the grocery bag out of her hands and finally when the last speaker had finished she heard a voice shouting, "Fucking dogs. God damn fucking dogs." She felt her friend nudge her. She shook her head and opened her eyes to the entire room glaring at her. There was complete silence. She stood up and walked out quickly. Her friend had driven her downtown but she began walking up the hill to her home, still shaking.

When she returned home, Mrs. Greenwood took a few extra pain pills and went to bed. That evening, a few houses down the street, Sally Osterberg, who had a rat problem in her basement, was carrying poison down her stairs and hadn't realized that she dropped a few packages of it. Sometime in the early hours of the next morning, Professor Blankenship realized that his Dalmatian, whom he called Faust, was

not in his usual place at the foot of his bed. As dawn approached, the professor began scouring the block for his pet. After checking every yard he finally found Faust dead—in Mrs. Greenwood's garden.

Now, I probably don't have to tell you how the chain of events played out after this. Suffice it to say that life in town was about to change for Mrs. Greenwood. While there never became any official inquest into the incident, Mrs. Greenwood remained the suspect until she finally decided to leave town. She noticed how people were no longer waving to her or engaging her in conversation, and how an icy silence fell whenever she entered a shop. The young man who cut her lawn told her that his parents didn't want him working for her anymore, the one bar she'd occasionally visit refused to serve her, her massage therapist suggested she find someone else to work on her, and even the mailman told her he would rather not deliver her mail anymore except that as a federal employee he was obligated to.

Soon afterward, Mrs. Greenwood sold her tidy home on the charming block to a lovely younger couple from Portland who had two Jack Russell Terriers and a boxer. They made many friends in town and enjoyed their new home until the cat incident. Well that, as they say, is another story for another time.

*Rick Mack*

## AT ANCHOR IN ASTORIA

while sitting in the wet dog cafe  
slowly nursing a cup  
of hot, black coffee  
in a thick, white cup  
night falls on the river  
dockside street lamps  
wink on  
thin rain slants  
through the amber glow  
water droplets hang  
like crystals  
on a coastal chandelier  
outside the window  
beyond the patio  
the scene becomes  
the watercolor  
of a Buddhist monk  
broad brushes stroke  
the great black river  
gray and winter blue  
suggest mountains  
tankers at anchor  
rest like boulders  
in a zen garden  
in the rain someone  
drops a crust of bread  
a raven hops  
after the morsel and  
then flies into the white fog  
rain trailing from black wings

*Nancy Cook*  
**BOOK OF FIRE**

**1. Warm Up**

The wonder of fire cannot be measured by pyrometer  
still, watching the numbers does teach a novice  
about the ways of wood: how Doug fir burns hotter  
than beach drift—how too much of anything chokes the flame.  
Celsius, Fahrenheit, Kelvin: no number can name  
the python of wet cedar which foams the sea water  
from the butt of a log in the mouth of a kiln.  
All turns to embers in the end which is not an end.

**2. Overheard at the Firing**

Karen says consummation is all good.  
Loren agrees with Kerri: embers look like wind  
in a wheat field in eastern Oregon.  
After the music festival fire looks to me like song  
in a cello. Together we are holding 2132 Farhenheit  
burning the dregs of what we worried  
was wet wood. Mike is pragmatic. For him  
embers are embers and flame: ferocious.

**3. After the All-Nighter**

My pillow is a raft still floating the river fire.  
I wake to thighs mottled, blisters on my calf  
and many singed tresses—all day I feel worked  
like well-wedged clay, like warm caramel  
like impermanence is possible for each human cell  
as for each handmade vessel.

#### **4. Restrike**

Poke a hole in the troll's mouth, let the kiln inhale  
a long slow breath. Side stokers are voyeurs now  
peeping through ports, witnessing the wedding  
night of wood on stoneware. Coal beds reveal  
the pregnant belly of a virgin vase—flame the hue  
of finish pine & peach flesh, purified on a palette  
of Scotchbroom bloom & buttercup. We lean in  
to the liminal, feel fire's touch, watch kindling kiss,  
for just one moment, then gently close the port.

#### **5. Afterwards**

at the traffic light  
I still see yellow.



Kimber Peterson, *Elenore Travels Route 66*  
Digital Collage



Tim Hurd

## CONTINENTAL SHELF

**R**ight now this is how it looks. The car is parked just above the high water mark where all the jellyfish and crab and other dead sea animals lay in a line.. All the doors and windows are open to allow the water to break in from behind. Corrosive, salty seawater. The car is at a standstill but it's rocking in its tread marks, huffing slowly. It's in REVERSE, not PARK. Soon it will break free from the soft sand. I begin to walk away, moving down the beach.

I've been here before. Waiting for one of my father's cars to run into the ocean. The last time this happened I was also living at home, at my old man's home. In fact, it was my birthday. My father gave to me for my 16<sup>th</sup> birthday his brand new car to drive for one whole day. I didn't even have a license. In exchange I had to comply with two requests. I was not to receive any traffic citations, and the car was not to be returned. Ever. The main difference this time is that he wants to watch.

He's got me where he wants me, my father has. I'm out of work again and I'm separated from my wife. So I'm back at his house. It's the first time I've seen the old man smile since my last separation which ended in divorce. Right now he's wandering up in the beachgrass pretending to be looking for something. His plan is straight and simple. My job is to dump his car into the surf and let the insurance pay it off. One thing about my old man, he's always had good insurance.

Finally the car starts to go. I don't know if I'm supposed to be dramatic about this or

not—maybe clutch my hands to my chest and scream bloody murder. So I just watch. The car crunches and squishes over crab shells and jellyfish. It's gaining some good momentum, following the sandy open plain of least resistance. My old man is far up in the grass above the beach. Safe. Walking with a stick he's picked up in the dunes.

But two guys passing by in separate cars see this one rolling by itself and they jump out to chase it. One trips on his feet and falls down laughing. The other one catches up to the opened door. He jumps behind the wheel just as the car reaches the water's edge. The tires peel through the yellow ocean foam. I have heard the soft bubble of a submerged tailpipe before. He drives the car out before the surf can dig the sand from beneath the tires. My old man comes running as best he can, waving his stick, wobbling on legs that are thin and brittle as a shorebird's.

The one who fell now has a large bullwhip kelp in his hands. Its bright orange color has turned brown and it's about 20 feet long. Now he's sitting on the hood of the car as the other guy cuts cookies in the sand to celebrate the conquest, a bucking bronco and a rodeo rider. A victory dance. Now they're both laughing. So am I. They haven't seen my old man yet.

"You boys! Get the hell outta my car" he yells. He screeches like a bird protecting its nest. His elbows are raised high beside him like wings. They stop the car away from him, understanding he might poke them in the eye with his stick.

"You boys! What the hell do you think you're doing with my prop'ty?"

The driver tries to explain, but the old man won't listen. They don't know if he saw them save his car or not, and he doesn't care what they saw. In his mind it's never his time to be grateful. In his mind there are

only different degrees of anger, and if he feels anything else it is from the pain of being out of breath. His mouth is open, his teeth are bared, he bites at the wind for air then throws his stick down beside the car when he's ready to crawl in and slams the door. He guns the engine and returns the station wagon to its original position. The one who had been driving the car picks up the stick but does not follow the old man up the beach.

Now the old man is pointing at the other two and yelling at me, but I'm closer to the other two than I am to the old man. The engine is now turned off but I know he left the keys in the ignition. He's ready to begin round two. The one with the stick comes over to me. He has questions. The old man is stomping his way back up into the grassy dunes.

The one with the seaweed now also holds the stick while the other asks me why the old man was yelling at me. Looks like I have to talk to him, so it looks like I have to lie.

"He must have thought we were all together," I say.

The guy with the stick and the seaweed is named Eddy. The one who saved the car is Lee. They aren't in a hurry to leave. So we stand around spitting, not saying much. Just toeing the sand, turning over broken shells.

"You weren't even close to the car," Eddy tells me. He has a menacing tone. "What did he say? I couldn't hear."

"I can't understand him either," I say, and that's not a lie. "He's pretty batty," I continue. "Pretty upset. I think he's out of his head." Lee faces me with a look that is hard, as if he is pressing me for the truth. But I have nothing more to say.

"He's lucky we were here," Lee says. He asks me where my ride is so I tell him I walked in from the parking lot behind the dunes. He says he'll give me a ride back, but I turn him down.

"Y'see how 'e runs?" Eddy jokes. He begins to laugh. "He never would 'o caught that car. Ungrateful son-of-a-bitch, that's what. Runs like a fucking monkey—arms out like that." Eddy doesn't change his tone or apply any emphasis to all the foul words he uses. For him it must be as natural to say *shit* as it is to say *storm*. He puts his arms out and tries to walk like the old man, he says like a flying monkey, and he crows. I could stop myself from laughing, but I don't.

We all watch the old man wandering in the beachgrass above. Eddy is now down on one knee with the stick. He's drawing circles in the sand. Before long we realize the circles are a woman's breasts and he's positioned the bulb end of the seaweed between her legs.

The old man is staring down at us, as if he's forgotten what he's looking for. I'm the only one who knows he's not looking for anything. He's waiting. He's waiting for Lee and Eddy to leave.

"What in hell's name you looking at?" Eddy whispers. He's angry. He's probably always angry, even when he's laughing, just like the old man. Like there's no middle ground. No separation between love and hate. I start to think how they would have made an interesting pair. Eddy and my old man. Eddy instead of me. The old man looks at us like he can't hear, like he can't tell us apart. He probably can't. Eddy walks toward the old man. I follow. Eddy carries both the stick and the seaweed.

"Where you going?" I ask. Eddie shakes the stick like he's strangling it.

"To return this to that ungrateful son-of-a-bastard."

"He's old," I say.

"Why don't you leave it in the car," Lee says. "Besides, I don't think he meant to keep it." Lee could be the smartest guy out here.

"That old man needs a lesson in manners.

Maybe I'll just drive his fucking car back into the ocean where it belongs."

"Maybe you should," I say.

"Not a good idea," Lee says. I was right about Lee. "Who's your friend?" Lee asks Eddy, but he's looking at me. He's either trying to divert Eddy's attention or trying to catch me off guard. "In the car?"

"That? That would be my wife," Eddy says. But he says it like a good liar trying to sound like a bad one, and he throws the stick away, as far toward the old man as he can, then we walk back to Lee. Eddie does have a girl in his car. She can't be his wife though. I'm beginning to wonder how full of shit Eddy really is. Full of anger, piss and vinegar. Eddy's got to be pushing forty. It shows in his hands and neck. In the cannon ball belly that teeters over the edge of his belt, as if it could fall on his toes at any moment. He's obviously no athlete. He lacks physical grace. His movements like his thoughts are erratic, unpredictable. He jerks and stumbles and drags his feet. He's the one who fell down then got up with a vengeance.

"Well," Lee says, "does your wife have a name?" Eddy's playing with the bull kelp, wriggling it like a snake, his own mouth hanging open now—not like he wants to breathe but like he wants to be fed. He's getting uglier by the minute.

"Good question," he says. "Hey, wife! You got a name?"

"Who's asking?" she yells back. "Asshole!" Immediately she turns the music up loud enough to drown all our voices. I bet she likes to hear John Cougar singing "Hurts So Good" a lot more than she likes to hear Eddy's lies, and so do I. This has to be Eddy's music, his attempt at trying to make the girl believe they are meant for one another because he was her age when the song became popular in the eighties. Her

head is rocking but we're too far away to see if her lips are moving.

"She loves me," Eddy says. She probably does. Women amaze me sometimes.

With one finger Eddie fishes through the button fly in his jeans like he's going after a peanut caught in the back of his mouth. He begins to urinate on his sand sketch, rolling his hips at the girl in the car. She honks the horn. The old man looks up to find Eddy relieving himself.

The girl turns the music down again. "Must be colder out there than I thought!" she yells. She's not laughing. I wonder if she knows Eddy well enough to make fun of his penis. I bet she knows his penis a lot better than she knows Eddy. Suddenly the beach seems too quiet even though the ocean has begun to roar.

Eddy sees the old man watching. "You looking for a place to pee, old man?" he yells. "She's over here!"

"You keep the hell outta my car!" the old man yells, standing as squarely as he can, stretching against the heavy curve in his back. Eddie swings the bullwhip around his head almost hitting Lee who acts like he didn't notice. I'm beginning to think Lee wouldn't say *shit* if he had a mouthful.

"Keep the hell out of your car..." Eddy repeats, in a calm voice that I know is only meant to cover his violence. "Should've done just that," he whispers. Eddy flips the bird over his shoulder at the old man. "Too bad it's too late."

The old man yells something back that no one can hear. The wind has come up off the ocean over our backs. It's blowing over the foredunes and into the old man's face, shocking his hair which is as thin and white as goose down. The sun has become hot on our heads and the sharp agitated voices of northern terns peel like lightening through

the marine air that is so thick with salt it dusts our skin. The old man heads farther back into the sand dunes. He's looking down. He's found another stick. The pointed beachgrass must be piercing through his loose cotton pants. It must be poking into the soft white flesh of his thighs. Eddy starts to go after him. This time he's going all the way. The girl gets out of the car. I start to walk after Eddy who lets the long rope of kelp trail behind him like a rat dragging its tail. He holds his hand up for me to stop while looking hard down the beach at Lee.

Now the girl passes me. It's her turn to go after Eddy. I'd be surprised if she's eighteen. Eddy breaks like a stick from the girl. This is it.

It's a joust. A stupid joust. And a joke. Both of these guys testing their weapons against the sky, waving them like medieval lances out of control. Here comes my old man, pumping his legs, bulldozing his feet downhill and through the sand. He's got a full head of steam. His baldness passes through the dunes like a steel blue moon, his hair white hot and burning.

I don't need this kind of shit. I have a little boy at home. At my wife's home. I have a kid of my own. What I wouldn't give to be there right now. What I wouldn't give to not be here.

Inside my head is the dull roar of the ocean. I say nothing but from somewhere deep, low and mean, I feel a shift as if the tide has turned, as if the waves have risen up to wash through my body. They pick me up, holding me cold and close and carry me into the sea, over the breakers, past the 100 fathom curve, beyond the continental shelf where all land sinks beneath deep water, into the unknown. Just before I go under I reach up. I grab Eddy's arm.

*Jan Bono*

## BEYOND MIDLIFE

I catapulted past 60  
like it was just another number,  
told everyone the zero at the end  
meant nothing.

Some pretended to believe me  
but others, my age and above,  
knew that what I said was crap.

Another fleeing decade  
shot to holy hell  
the clock ticks louder  
and there's no place to hide.

No do-overs, no going back  
to fix the things I broke  
the first time through.

Anyone who says  
they'd do it all the same  
is nothing but a goddamn liar.

*Alex Balogh*

## MILLICAN, POPULATION 0

'64 Rambler, tired old workhorse  
Rear window dusty, obscured by books clothes & boxes  
Pulls into this desert outpost  
Millican Store – Cold Drinks – Ice Groceries  
Attendant clutches a Dr. Pepper in one hand  
Pumps gas & cleans windshield with the other  
Snow-covered peak of South Sister  
Close enough to touch through smoldering afternoon haze  
Out of another time, even then  
*We're back in Oregon now, I thought*  
Deer hunters stop for beer & pepperoni  
Fortification for the drive to the Blue Mountains  
Millican's well fills the 2,000-gallon cistern for Pine Mountain Observatory  
Closest neighbor, invisible from the road  
Hang a right, up eight miles of gravel  
Student astronomers pick up their mail, snag a six pack  
& "maybe a shot of ol' loudmouth to loosen the tongue"  
if dour Ol' Bill would offer, watching daytime TV in his one-store town  
Rabbit ears poised above images snowy with static

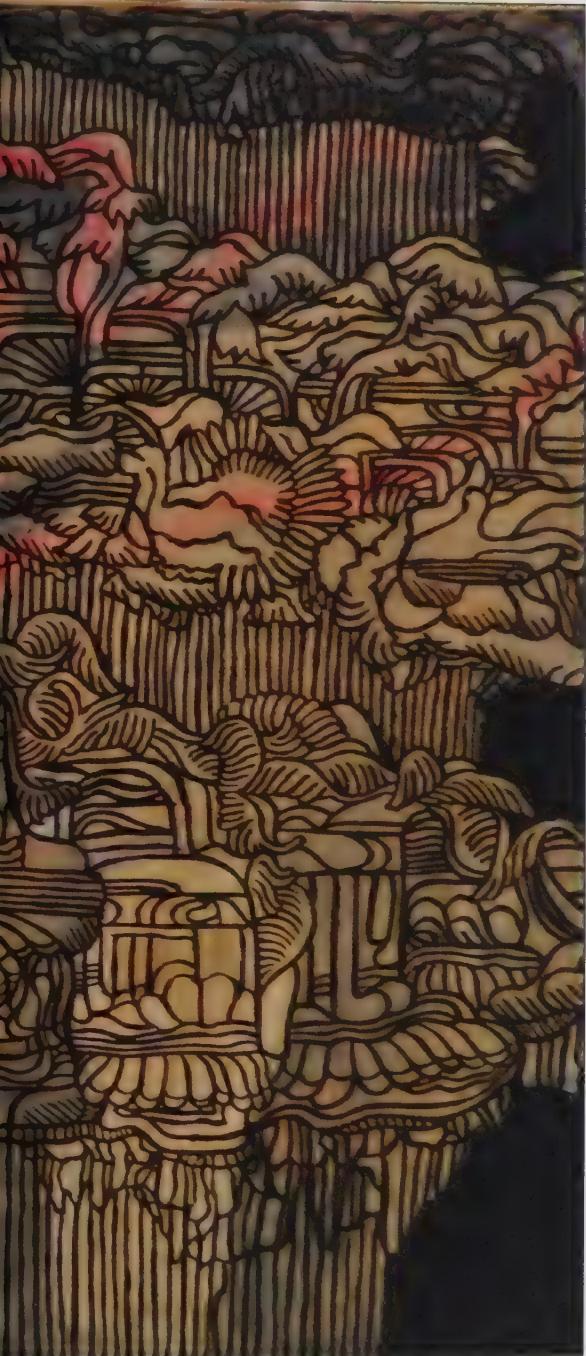
Cars became air-conditioned, mileage improved  
& Bend sprawled closer  
Traffic slowed, business became increasingly dreary  
Need for snacks & fuel diminished  
Help came and went  
But Bill & his family liked the open desert  
Sagebrush & bunchgrasses scattered wild  
Stars more blinding than car headlights  
Bill's buried here now, with wife son & daughter

The town's changed owners several times since  
But the highway sign remains: Millican – Bend 26  
Still a dot on Oregon maps  
No longer on the census  
Looks open from a distance  
Closer inspection, if one notices at all  
Reveals boarded windows  
Trashed buildings  
Sun & wind faded paint  
Gas pumps gone  
Only jackrabbits, antelope, The Three Sisters  
& high desert remain

Openness of the Heavens  
Openness of the Earth  
Openness of Time  
Openness of Timelessness  
Openness of Mind  
Openness of Spirit  
Openness of Reflection  
Openness of Place



Sarah Hendrickson, *Sky Tower*  
Acrylic & Varnish on Wood



## Chris Gilde THE SKETCH

"I turned twenty-one in prison doin' life without parole, no one could steer me right, but Momma tried, Momma tried."—Merle Haggard

“ **L**ook, kid, all ya gotta do is just give the inmate a pencil and a piece of paper and something will happen.”

That was Hector Perez's advice. He was the director of the Monterey County prison rehabilitation programs. He hired me one summer years ago to teach art to interested inmates incarcerated in the old Monterey County Jail in Salinas, California. As it turned out, it was good advice. Something always does happen. He knew making art was transformative, especially in prison. It can change the way a man thinks, change his behaviors. It can change how he sees the world. It can also allow him to begin to atone for his sins. At least that was the case for my first student, Jose Revueltas Sanchez.

Sanchez had been locked up in one or more of California's correctional facilities on and off for most of his young life. He was now in jail awaiting sentencing for murder. A man of easy conversation, he loved to talk, loved to explain himself, and always in that manner peculiar to most convicts—part confessional, part manipulative, part hustle. Getting him to talk was easy—all I had to do was give him a pencil and a sheet of paper and he talked away. And I listened.

One morning, to get the class warmed up, I asked the three inmates who had shown up to do some free drawing. Whatever they wanted,

I told them. I walked up to Sanchez to see what he was drawing. His paper was blank. Without looking up, he lit a cigarette, and in a hushed voice started telling me about his crime.

"They tell me I killed the man I robbed, but I do not remember such a killing." Sanchez's voice was barely audible, almost a whisper, and thick with Hispanic accent. "I robbed the man, yes, but not his killing."

I didn't say anything. I knew he probably didn't want me to.

"Yes, I know you think that must be what all convicts say in here. That we are all innocent. Maybe so, but in my case I cannot say I am innocent of his killing, and I cannot say I am guilty. I can say only that I have no memory of the crime. I told that *pinche* lawyer of mine I blacked out. He told me that was not a defense. The moment before I squeezed the trigger my mind shut down. Went black. How's that not a defense?

"It doesn't matter now. Really. I can tell you only that I committed a crime, okay? A very bad crime, plain and simple. They tell me I killed this man during a robbery, so it must be so, but I do not remember killing him. They say I did, but I do not remember. I blacked out."

So my challenge, I thought to myself, is to teach a killer how to draw.

Three days a week Sanchez would amble into the dayroom where I conducted class. He would sit on the cold, stainless steel bench in the center of the dimly lit dayroom, leaning on his elbow, holding a pencil in one hand, cradling a cigarette in the other, carefully keeping the burning ember away from his face, and begin to draw. At twenty-one Sanchez had already spent the better part of his youth inside. Watching him draw, the visible contradiction between his physical appearance and his actual age startled me.

A lifetime of living in and out of prisons had severely aged what should have been a youthful face.

There were times I was afraid of Sanchez. Probably most times. Who wouldn't be? His size and build made him a hulking, intimidating figure of a man. And his eyes, squinting through the ever-present smoke from his cigarette, etched a baleful sneer across his pockmarked face. Crudely self-tattooed religious icons covered his absurdly large arms. And on his hands—I can only wonder at the work of these hands—a small *pachuco* cross was tattooed between his index finger and thumb of each hand.

I took a liking to Sanchez, in spite of my fear. I was drawn to him, probably, because I empathized with him, with what he must be feeling. I imagined all this bitterness and rage built up inside him, and how easy it would be after so many years behind bars to lash out in anger at someone. Maybe even me. But, of course, my empathy was the kind born of privileged, white middle-class sensibilities, and that I could in any way truly understand his feelings was ridiculous. Convicts like Sanchez want outsiders like me, *extranjeros*, to feel sorry for them. It's part of their hustle. It's more productive to hustle someone who feels sorry for you than it is someone who fears you. I suppose I fell into both categories.

.....

My job was to help inmates rehabilitate themselves by teaching them about art, by teaching them how to draw. Sanchez had immediately shown an interest in drawing, so I gave him all the pencils, erasers, and sketch paper he asked for. He would sit for hours at that stainless steel prison table, cigarette always dangling from his blackened fingers.

Unlike the other inmates who preferred to draw pictures of sexy women or overly ornate low-riders or iconic *calaveras*, skulls, or even elaborate designs to be used for prison tats, Sanchez chose to draw only the commonplace objects in his surroundings for his subject matter—drawings of the cold steel benches with round stools, the exposed, stainless commodes, steel sinks attached to the wall of the dayroom, and the low-hanging, industrial caged lights that brought out the lifeless grey in everything, and, of course, the ubiquitous steel bars, immense, imposing, final.

The prison, both his studio and subject matter, was perfectly suited for Sanchez's stark pencil drawings; prison had made him into a man without color. "Inside it is all black and white. The color is out there," Sanchez would explain, pointing with cigarette in hand. Even so, I recognized that the starkness of his crude drawings belied a kind of simple beauty beneath. I saw no color, but I sensed it.

And all the while he was drawing, Sanchez would talk. Incessantly. In the beginning he was reluctant to talk openly with me until he was convinced my interest in his drawing was genuine. Because he lived in a world populated with phonies, sycophants, and informers, out of habit he trusted no one, least of all an earnest-looking college white boy. But once he sensed my interest came at no cost to him, he gradually began to reveal small details about his family, about his many brothers and sisters, and especially, with a grave sadness, about his mother.

"Ah, *mi ojos*," was the way he referred to her. "*La luz de sus ojos era mi vida.*" The light of her eyes was my life. "I was her favorite in all ways, and also her greatest disappointment. It is for her I am full of pain and regret. Always. When others turned

their backs on me, she never did. Even now, after everything I have done, she has forgiven me."

At times he would speak of deeper matters.

"I know a lot about philosophy," he told me one day in class, thoughtfully pulling on his cigarette as he talked, its red ember glowing against the dimly lit walls of the dayroom. "You know, everything about life you need to know can be found right here in this place. I can tell you how. It is because the joint is the perfect place to learn human nature. You can learn what men are truly capable of. I think you would be surprised. Where else you gonna learn about human depravity, eh? Not in the outside world. There is still hope out there. In here there is no hope. Only inside this place can you learn these kinds of lessons. And in my life, I have learned my lessons well. But you know, I had very good teachers here. Yes, and now you are one of my teachers. El Maestro!"

One morning he spoke more of his life on the outside.

"My life, the life of the con inside, is a life always of either anxiety or boredom. Nothing in between. Always one or the other. Like black and white. The in-between is on the outside, like the color, you know, but even the outside is not much better.

"You see, El Maestro, my home, in the Salinas *barrio*, is a terrible place, so full of poverty and despair and of sadness. Much sadness. But for a young boy who grows up knowing no other kind of place, through his eyes it is a place of much wonder and excitement. In my old *barrio* we learned the culture and custom of the *braceros* is to believe life, no matter how painful, is meant to be lived fully. So I did.

"As I grew older, the excitement of *mi barrio* faded, so I found excitement by the

hustling of money, and yes, of robbing and stealing. *Mi padre? Era un Católico devoto.* A devoted Catholic. He would all the time say to me, 'Jose, *la muerte le sigue como una sombra.* Death follows you like a shadow.' Over and over again he tells me this. Over and over. I knew he meant, you know, I would kill someone some day. What else? Beware *la muerta.* You will kill someone. Ah, hell, what is the difference? If you are told over and over again that in your life that you will one day kill, then I suppose you begin to believe that you will. And so you see, El Maestro, here I am. *Mi padre tenía razón.* He was right."

.....

In time, after countless sketches, a transformation began to slowly emerge in the quality of Sanchez's drawings. The amateurishness that marked his earlier drawings began to improve. His drawings started to show an artist's skillful rendering of line, of shape, and shadow, all in tones of black, white, and grey, but still vivid with detail and quite beautiful, despite the drawing's coarse subject matter. I was astonished by how good they were.

He sensed my surprise.

"And so, El Maestro, you think, it is not possible for murderers to be artists?"

I thought, no, it is not possible. Murder cancels out everything that the creative spirit makes possible. Murder is the antithesis of art. Or so I thought.

He continued to sketch every facet of his surroundings, sometimes producing his drawings at a furious pace. Smoking and sketching. When he ran out of paper and pencils, he would ask me for more and then draw even faster.

One morning he came to me and said,

"I am tired of this, El Maestro. Teach me to draw the human body." So I taught him about proportion and chiaroscuro, and how to lay out the foreshortened planes of the human figure. He learned quickly. I brought him dozens of *National Geographic* magazines so he could use the photographs as models. Often we would sketch together. I could see now that he had great talent and a wry sense of modesty. He would glance over at what I was drawing and suddenly announce, "I cannot do this, El Maestro. Yours is so much better than mine." His modesty, however, was not without guile—he knew he was good, but ever the hustler, he still felt compelled to manipulate me through artful compliments. He knew I respected him, knew his opinions mattered to me. So he would say to me, "You are the better artist," and then leave me behind in a fury of drawing.

Soon he tired of photographs.

"My head is already full of photographs," he told me one day. "I will look at only them." Then, it was as if the gates which held back a lifetime of creative energy had been finally opened. Sketch after sketch escaped from him—faces of his family, friends, fellow cons, even of me. His most beautiful drawing during this period was an unusual portrait he did of his mother's eyes. Just her eyes. He titled it "*La luz de Sus Ojos.*"

My time in Salinas was coming to a close. One morning Sanchez stormed into the dayroom and handed me a pencil sketch he had just completed. "This is my final sketch. Nothing more to draw." What I saw shocked me. It was a penciled portrait of a man's face. The drawing was truly remarkable. He had drawn the details of the man's face so realistically and so life-like, it was as if I was looking at a photograph. I had never seen anything like it before, and this from a man who had just started drawing three

months earlier. I noticed something odd, though, about the man's expression. The eyes of the man, though open, were glassy, unfocused, staring. They were lifeless. Then I understood: It was a death pose. The face raised the hairs on the back of my neck, and I felt my heart knock hard and fast at my ribs in a state of fear and panic.

"Yes, El Maestro, you are right," Sanchez responded after a long pause, sensing I understood what it was he had drawn.

"He is dead. I told you I never saw the face of the man I killed. I do not remember. I went into that liquor store, yes, to rob him, take his money. Not to kill. I looked into his eyes. He looked into mine. I felt a great fear, a terrible fear. I heard a voice, maybe my father's voice, then the blackness came. No one believed me, and I did not expect them to, but I blacked out. From the moment I felt that fear, I could not remember the face. I could not remember. Now, that face from my blackness is the face in my sketch, El Maestro, and now I remember him. Yes, this is the face of the man I killed. I remember."

He stood in front of me with a look of relief. I looked into the eyes of Jose Revueltas Sanchez and saw a man who, at last, was completely at peace with himself. The squint was gone. I had no words for him. I just didn't know what to say. He placed the drawing paper he had left and a cigar box filled with well-worn pencils and erasers on the steel table, then abruptly turned and walked out of the dayroom, leaving me with the sketch still in my hands.

There were no more drawings after that last one. For the few days I had left, I thought Sanchez might return to class one more time. He never did. He no longer needed me. But had I been conned? Did he use me and his art to somehow find the redemption, the atonement he was looking for? Or had he simply come to accept, at last, his fear, and his guilt, and his gift? If so, it must have been in that final moment of redemption, in his black and white world, that Sanchez quietly slipped the sheet over his head and went to a final sleep.

*Dan Earl Simmons*  
**KEEPING TABS**

News of unidentified fatalities spill  
from the radio like leapers on 9-11.  
A shooting, a hit-and-run, a random  
beating, or a frigid death from exposure  
on a park bench each send me punching  
the keys of my near-monthly hope text.

*Hi. All OK? Your Dad.*

Just the other day, my speakers blared  
news of a drowning. A man and his wife  
tried to swim across the Willamette clear  
to Ross Island. A boater heard screams.

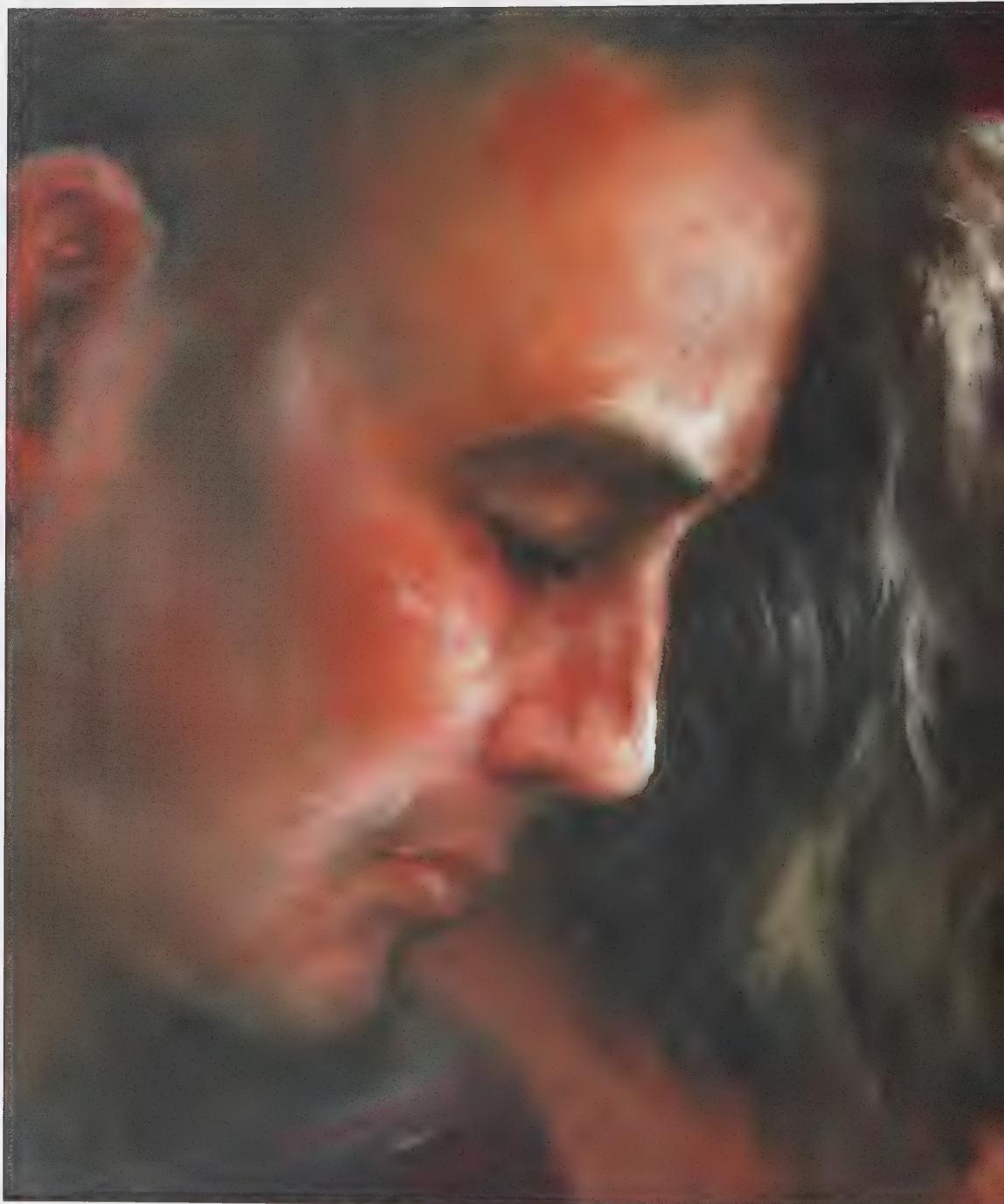
*It can't be him. He's not married.*

*I don't think.*

*Wayne Burke*

## MOIDER

A squirrel in the park,  
plump,  
7 to 8 inches in height,  
gray coat,  
attacked and bit a girl  
who later died  
and the cops went berserk  
guns blasting  
and killed two hundred squirrels  
but none of the witnesses  
to the attack  
could positively ID the perp  
so the cops put out an APB with  
an artist's sketch of  
the killer squirrel  
which brought 1000 calls  
into the station  
but  
as of this writing  
the suspect remains at large  
possibly  
up a tree  
or  
in some hole in a wall.





Sharron Abbot-Furze, *The Price of Freedom*  
Oil on Canvas

## Kimberly Hazel MY BROTHER

I haven't spoken to him since a barbecue at Mom's house last July. Though we were once best friends, our last conversation only skimmed the sea before it sank.

Chris is movie-star beautiful and painfully shy. He was the kind of kid who started to cry when the mailman asked him what his name was. I've gotten into more than one fight trying to protect him and his doe-eyes; my own yellow-green eyes taking on the characteristics of an alligator. His three daughters have all inherited his pouty-pink, ribbon lips. Though his hair is light brown now, as a child, golden curls like dandelion fuzz blew in the Utah desert winds. I can still see him standing in the corn stalks at noon wearing a striped tee. It was his favorite. He called it his bumblebee shirt. He was so shiny he looked like he might ignite.

I was one of the few people on earth he'd utter a word to. Me. And once in a while, he'd whine imperceptibly to our constantly breastfeeding mother. She didn't listen. Instead, she threatened to find us a job if we couldn't find something better to do with our time. Weed the garden, wash the stove.

Chris didn't speak to our father either. A man with a rage much greater than his 5'8" frame, he wore the eight-hour-a-day weight of steel mill on his shoulders and was always looking for a place to lay it down. On the days he wasn't angry, Dad swallowed his pills with a Coke. The vacancy this created in him meant he didn't care when mom reported, "Kim got caught smoking" or asked, "Did Chris mow the lawn?" We did our best to stay away, but these were also the nights he brought out his

telescope. On these nights, Dad's opiate cravings meant a huge sugar-rich bowl of Western Family vanilla ice cream. This too was a bit of a torture because often enough it was the only good thing to eat in our almost always empty fridge. All ten of us knew that if we ate all of Dad's ice cream or Wheat Chex we'd be getting the wooden spoon.

Chris pierced his ear. Even though it was the side that means you aren't gay, my father grabbed his arm, torqued it unnaturally to the north and pushed him to the wall, "I'm not going to have any fruitcakes living under my roof," he'd screamed. "Now take it out!"

Fourteen-year-old Chris, looking like a young John Cougar Mellencamp, managed a quiet, "no" which caused our father to lurch forward swearing he'd rip it out himself. For weeks after, at the dinner table, sitting in his captain's chair, our father would make Chris come over to him so he could check to see if the hole was closing. "You wanna grow up and be a faggot," he'd ask, ready to slap at any answer.

Once the lobe had sealed, Dad found something wrong with the holes in his eyes—they looked too open. He pulled Chris under

the kitchen light to peer into the pupils he deemed wrong—the rest of us kids hanging our heads like wet rags. "Are you on drugs? Come on Chrissy boy, you can tell me," he'd say in a satanically-charged way. I was doing my best to eat another one of my mother's burnt pork-chops and not draw any attention to my marijuana pinched eyes when Dad wrenches Chris from the table. He looked into Chris' eyes, most likely dilated with thoughts of our cat Elizabeth and her five new kittens, and saw unreadable demons. Dad sent him, without his pork-chop, to his dungeon room—a hodgepodge of carpet patches glued to a concrete floor, spider webs and dust blowing right through the cellar windows, the adjacent room dirt-walled with a cave-like space disappearing behind a growling, skin-colored furnace. Chris, the femininely good-looking, considered a bad egg, while I sat there, fried, across the table—me and my chlorine-wrecked brown hair.

When I call to wish you a happy birthday, I suggest you ask Dad to help you re-wire your new house. You say, "It wouldn't be worth it."

*Micah T. Dugan*

## THE LONELY EMPIRE

There are torpedoes in my garden,  
sunflower shadows—my solace.  
This solitude is wrapped in ego—  
capillaries burst in technicolor  
like kaleidoscope cataracts—  
drive thru colors spray light on the wasteland  
under piercing synthetic glow of surreal moonlight.

Invincible hipsters paint a mortician's face on the side of a tattoo parlor.  
Dumbstruck Californians genuflect before it—  
And then drink PBR with the barber across the street.  
They have emerald studded spines and believe in horoscopes.  
Their claws are out, fangs in  
skin of innocent merchants and customer service representatives—  
for they were promised splendor in the heart of nothingness.

Now their fists are permanently frozen towards ivy league professors  
as they effortlessly hang modern art from the drooling clouds.  
They are fossils in a flashbulb—puppeteers pulling at the arteries of paradise.  
Some join ISIS,  
others construct elaborate pipe bombs meant for Walmart.  
They drive a social highway, they piss on turnstiles, they plaster their names  
like brands on the turnpike.

This...is why I drink alone.

Every now and again  
I think of them  
And I laugh uncontrollably  
like a specter  
watching a silent film.

*Nancy Cook*

## 36TH STREET SONNET

AKA: A LOVE SONG TO THE VOLTA WE CAN MAKE OR  
NOT MAKE IN THE POETIC CHOICES OF EACH DAY

In this place where we live within walls  
Eat, sleep, wake—to alarms, press the grinds  
Check the texts, check emails, screen the calls, all's  
A rush now, miss the bus, find the keys, mind's  
A mess, wipe windshield, stay alert, make haste,  
Now, zip up the coat, blow a kiss-kiss, zoom  
Away, clock tick tock, time's a-wasting  
Still, dog needs walk, dog needs walk, make the room  
Make the turn, park the car, walk, watch the gull  
Soar on wind's wings, river sings, moss reclaims  
Mist retains hues of sunrise, moon half-full  
Appears pale near a ship freshly painted  
In this place where we live near the sea  
There is more. There is more. More. Hear the plea.

*Richard King Perkins II*  
**THE FAIREST DAWN**

A clarified sun surpasses the edge of spring  
as curled ribbons of chartreuse ascend  
their temporary graves.  
The first finch returns, showing flecks  
of gold beneath winter's drab olive plumage  
as the marmots and raccoons begin replenishing  
what a season of dormancy has diminished.

All this has gone unsaid, lying hidden or distant;  
I had almost forgotten the sound of villanelles  
composed in my flowerbeds and nearby fields.  
Not an invitation, but a homecoming;  
I open the windows of my house and begin  
to transcribe the earliest soft tones of earth,  
lit by the first sheens of the fairest dawn.

*Dan Earl Simmons*  
**STAGGERBLIND**

I want to drink you  
straight from the bottle  
and wince with the scorching  
in my throat and the spinning  
of my head while wandering  
from the tender bend of your neck  
to the naked arching of your back  
until I am all-sheets-to-the-wind  
staggerblind.



Terry Shumaker, *Beatrice*  
Photograph

# Gregory Zschomler

## HALF-BAKED TUNE

Donny was "in love." He'd lost his place more than once, distracted from his music. Good thing jazz was so forgiving. Every once in a while she would let go a laugh so birdlike it made his heart beat to its tune. Not only was she beautiful, but her voice had a quality so melodious that it cheered him from the monotony of another night's gig. It seemed like hours, but at last the forty minute set came to an end. He quickly put aside his Gibson ES335 and headed directly towards her near the spread. He *was* hungry, but more than that he wanted to be near her—perchance to meet, to drink in her voice.

At the potluck table he began nonchalantly loading his plate with homemade munchies—a little lasagna, a bit of cole slaw, a dollop of tasty looking casserole, and two large pieces of crispy chicken. Reaching for a biscuit, he bumped her—not intentionally, or was it?

"Excuse me," he said, and then, shooting from the hip through a mouthful of casserole, he fired, "Ummm-mmm, have you tried this wonderful hotdish?"

"Why yes. Thank you," Cynthia beamed, "I made it."

How *could* I be so lucky, he thought. "Really?! It's absolutely wonderful." And it was. Without something better to say, but wanting to keep the conversation going, Donny switched gears. "I'm with the band. I play guitar. Name's Donny." The obvious statement seemed stupid now that he'd said it.

"I noticed," Cynthia said, "you're...

good." She lied; his guitar playing was fine, but she couldn't stand the cacophony of jazz. "I'm Cindy."

"Do you play?" It was the only thing he could think of.

"Well, I come from a musical family," she volunteered, "my dad plays the accordion, my mom plays the cello, and I play the radio." He laughed and she with him.

"Surely you sing. You have such a wondrous voice." And he meant it.

"Not really," she responded shyly, "but thanks."

He gazed briefly into her eyes, "But you cook."

"I try. I'm glad you like it." Then it dawned on her. "How was it that you happened upon *my* casserole from all of these?"

"Just lucky I guess. Well, that, and a good eye for taste." He meant more than the food and he said it with his eyes. "Want some punch?"

"No thank you, but I'll sit with you if you'd like."

"Ah, sure," he said looking around for an empty table, and then gesturing toward an open one with his plate. "How about over here?" They crossed the room in that awkward silence and then seated themselves. He had wanted to pull out her chair, but his hands were full. Sitting, she reached into her handbag and rummaged for a stick of gum—no, two, then three—and jammed them in her mouth.

"Juicy Fruit," she chomped out the

words, "you gotta love it."

"Umm, hmm." What could he say? He was in shock at the snapping wad between her teeth.

"You been playing long?" She sang out the words like a symphony complete with clicking castanets.

"Well, it's been about fifteen years now. Is that a long time?"

"I don't know, is it?" Snap, snap; gnaw, gnaw went the gum. His stomach was beginning to turn and he shoved his plate to the center of the table. She stretched her legs out under the smallish table and planting her pump-clad foot on the bar of his chair she promptly began to bounce her calf.

"Do you *have* to do that?"

"Do what?"

"Shake my chair. It's annoying."

"Oh, I'm sorry." She jerked her leg away and jittered in her own space. "Too much coffee I guess."

"And it does that to you?"

"Yeah, I guess so" she said, trying to laugh it off between chews, "can't give it up though."

"You ought to." It was blunt. He shouldn't have said it, but that's the way it was. He changed the subject, "Do you like our music?"

"Ah, yeah, I do," she assured him, lying through her teeth, "especially the endings." Her shrouded meaning didn't register.

"I just love jazz. You?"

"Ah, well, I'm afraid I, ah—no, not really." Once again she dug in her purse and adding another two sticks of Juicy Fruit to her chaw. "Sorry, but it grates on my nerves. All that shoe-bah, wah doo doo."

This set him off and he snapped like the Wrigley's between her jaws. "Well, your gum chewing is making me sick." *So she could*

*cook! So she was pretty! So there was melody in the way she spoke!* he thought. All he could hear now was the gnashing of the swelling chicle.

"What have you got against a little gum?"

"A little? Five sticks at a time? You call that a little? I've seen cows chew their cud with less aggression."

"Aggression! I just don't understand people like you. You come off like...like some sort of...of...JAZZ musician! You screech out your augmented sevenths and diminished fourths..." She was beginning to sound like an out of tune guitar (which was something he couldn't stand). "...You don't have to push your music on me! And you don't have to compare me to a cow!"

"It just so happens that jazz is important to me," he retorted. This time the air grew quiet for the longest time. Both wanted to make an exit, but felt stuck, like chewed gum under a school cafeteria table.

"Ah, well," Donny finally intoned, scratching his head, "I guess I've got another set to play. I hope you can stand it."

"Yeah, well, I think I'll go home and bake some bread."

"Okay then, go bake some bread. See if I care." But, somehow he did care. *Home baked bread*, he thought, *too bad she's all wound up on the bean—it makes her awfully cranky. I wonder if she's gotta stop by the store on the way home for another case of chewing gum?*

*Too bad he's as obnoxious as a mixalodian scale*, she pondered, *I wish he used his guitar for something other than to the tune of nails on a blackboard; push that garbage on me will you. I think he meant to hurt my feelings—calling me a cow!*

And there they parted forever, he to the stage, and she to her kitchen. Some things weren't meant to be and that was okay.

*Kat Dudley*  
EDGE-RIDER

I am the edge-rider,  
a lingerer on sills  
a dripper on lids  
droplets on  
languishing leaves  
in autumn before  
that final gust before  
my host, drops  
to the ground.

I am the juice  
that sustains all—  
the oceans, rivers, lakes, and  
their dependents  
who pray to keep me away  
in ignorance  
I am the edge, the center,  
the heart-rider  
I am rain.

*Rick Mack*

## BLUE KAYAK—DARK LAKE

this is where he can think—here on the flat, clear water  
clean lines of thin waves whisper from the bow  
of the blue kayak as he pushes it forward  
one stroke left, one stroke right

tall granite mountains and summer clouds  
rise and shimmer in entwined harmony  
and sliding above the slick, dark water  
mountains and clouds appear to flow beneath him

deep in the lake gray boulders of granite  
rest as pale as death and as bright as life  
glacier born they hold the lake in cupped hands  
offering sacred water to all who need sacrament

this is where he can think—here on the flat, clear water  
here where his breathing becomes the mist  
the osprey's essence becomes his essence  
fish don't fear him and draw near to be touched

alone in the kayak the breath of nature exhales  
water and sky and mountain and man become one  
one stroke left and one stroke right  
this is where he can think—here on the flat, clear water

Karen R. Hessen

# THE OTHER MIGRATION

**I**t is not just the gray whale that migrates along the Oregon coast, nor is it the thousands of people who travel to the coastal areas to watch the semi-annual trek of the great ocean mammals, but it is a lesser known journey that causes me to ponder, eventually putting words to paper in wonder, awe and speculation. It is not just any of the hundreds of dragonfly species that migrate down the Pacific coast in late August and early September—it is only the Variegated Meadowhawk.

Where do they come from? Where do they go? Why, in some years, are the numbers of migrating dragonflies so great coastal residents hesitate to venture outside; yet in other years the migration goes virtually undetected? So far, there are no definitive answers to these questions. I continue to ponder.

Perhaps, after completing the months-long underwater phase of life as a naiad in ponds and swamps in Eastern Oregon, the adult Variegated Meadowhawks are carried on brisk winds through the Columbia Gorge. The change in terrain at the mouth of the gorge forces them into a southern direction paralleling the Coast Range. They journey south, maybe as far as Southern California, Arizona or Mexico, breed and buzz back to Eastern Oregon to deposit their eggs in the swamps and sloughs that will provide a nurturing environment for their offspring.

We continue to study, ponder and speculate because inquiring minds want to know.

Tracking devices have been implanted into the Variegated Meadowhawk. It is hard to imagine the amount of technology that must be crammed into a tracking device so small and lightweight it does not interfere with the flight of a dragonfly. Surely, the little electronic apparatus is barely visible to the naked eye. I remember, when I was a young girl, fishing with my father, and watching the colorful dragonflies darting up and down the length of my monofilament line, hovering just above the tip of my pole. I could hear the hum of their wings before my eyes could see them.

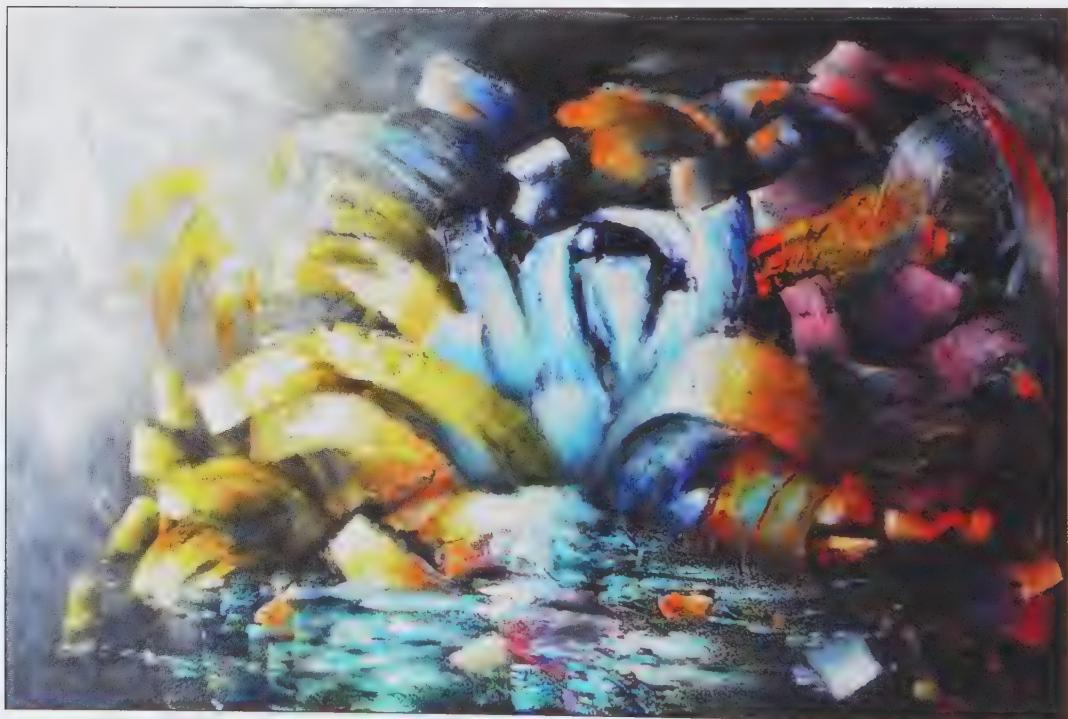
“Sit still and watch,” Daddy said. “It won’t hurt you.” Fascinating. Scary. Mysterious. Beautiful – somehow prehistoric.

In my musing, I think, *micro-chipping a dragonfly must really be a bit of a crap shoot*—the fragile, delicate, vulnerable dragonfly. Information gathered from the “bugged” insects indicates, as they journey south, they occasionally stop to rest for up to three days, presumably waiting for weather conditions to become ideal for flying. *While researchers are watching the monitor waiting for movement to occur, how do they know the dragonfly had not become a snack for one of the North Coast’s ravenous gulls and the microchip is now embedded in gull excrement left as a white circular plop on the Promenade in Seaside?* Or in another scenario playing out in my curious mind, *the researcher is watching the tiny blip on his monitor as his target migrates parallel to Hwy 101 near Manzanita, humming along at about 6 mph.*

*Our scientist goes to lunch and returns to see his target Variegated Meadowhawk is now approaching Tillamook. The only explanation is that our little four winged flyer has hitched a ride on the windshield of a Hummer of a different sort, this one having four wheel drive. Storms, too, may drag our dragonfly convoys out to sea and too far away from land for them to return to the safety of the coastal dunes and grasslands. If this is the case for one of the research specimens, our beeping micro-chipped flyer will likely end up like Jonah, in the belly of some over-sized albacore. Once the albacore has swallowed the chip it is*

*logical to assume it becomes mixed with pickle and mayonnaise then spread between two slices of gluten free bread before being consumed as a part of someone's tuna salad sandwich lunch combo. And how long can we expect the signal to last in a dragonfly tracking device?*

No wonder we know so little about the migration of the Variegated Meadowhawk. What are the odds? But I care. I do want to know. I want the investigations to continue—in spite of the odds. Someday I want to drive down the coast and see signs at the various turnouts that read “Dragonfly watching spoken here.”



Vivian Calderón Bogoslavsky, *Renacer*  
Oil on Canvas

*Richard King Perkins II*  
**LOMAS**

Out on the desert range, sugar cubes fall from the moon.  
Honey sculpts my hair, stevia brushed from my earliest eyes.  
In the center of the dune's abyss, an old man climbs up,  
his feet finding purchase on tortoiseshell, the edge of his  
radiance soaked through by rings of distant giants eating  
ambiance. I'm consumed; my teeth snapping at the cuff of  
the old man's shirt. Unlike the moon, we are separate from  
the invocations of the sun, our thoughts serrated by distance,  
by the dread prospect of rising. He waits casually to observe  
as scorpions clap out a sonata of frictionless sound, rising  
awkwardly from the chasm. I tell him to crawl. A burrowing  
owl digs into a harbor of sand and ceases to move; a gray fox  
disappears in the moon's temperance; a muted cactus wren  
lands on my elbow. The old man's soft curses scuttle into  
a land of flesh and silence and emptiness.

*Jordan Clayton*  
**THE JOLT**

My castle rushes seaward  
sand like vacant letters on the crossword left  
in the airline seat pocket  
then dunes, then a bronze and stony arch baking in sunlight, lavished with order.

Home.

Endlessness and intimacy.  
My window looks west to  
mist and gravity, reflecting your restful outline,  
my doorway looks east and opens  
to azurite and anhingas drying  
their wings proudly upon a rocky isle,  
my ceiling a lion's paw, claws withdrawn,  
my floor dissolves...

But dreamy, surreal serenity  
but missing unearthly dimensions  
fingerless hands rest anxiously upon the keyboard  
sand glides through boundless toes  
my heart groans, curses time's impetuous patience  
the aircraft jolts.

Onward and an oyster's pearl.



Royal Nebeker, *Adjegas*  
Oil on Canvas





Ruth Zschomler, *Sandfence*  
Photograph

## Laura L. Roberts THE MERMAID

I was awakened by a gentle shake. A small hand covered my mouth. I opened my eyes to see my younger brother staring down at me. Scott was seven, a towhead with big, blue eyes. I had the distinction of being called a dishwater-blonde. I never liked this name. My mother insisted this was the correct term. I was a gawky, large-toothed ten-year-old girl with hazel green eyes and boring, dishwater-blonde hair. Our older sister, Bernice, was a pretty auburn brunette. Quiet and shy, my fifteen-year-old sister spent most of her time in her room with her door closed. She would sit on the floor in front of her stereo, large headphones on, listening to The Moody Blues or Cat Stevens.

"Shhhh," Scott said to me. Silence was necessary. I crawled out of bed and we approached the staircase in unison. Sitting on our butts, we gently slid down, one orange shag-carpeted stair at a time.

We tiptoed through the living room and into the kitchen, foraging for something to eat. I opened the refrigerator. No milk, as usual. Grabbing a box of cereal, we both headed back into the living room to watch Saturday morning cartoons. We sat close to the television console, to keep the volume at a minimum. We took turns, grabbing handfuls of dry cereal from the box, carefully monitoring the sound of each crunch.

If we woke up our mom and stepdad, the results could range anywhere from a quick back-hand, a prolonged spanking, or a week-long grounding. It all depended on how bad our mother's headaches were after a night of socializing.

We had moved to Seaside, Oregon, from Chicago about three months before. Since the death of our father, when I was almost seven, we moved a lot. This move was, by far, the most unsettling. We had a new house, new school, new locale, and new dad. My mother wanted us to refer to our stepdad as 'Dad,' but I already had a dad and he was dead. My mother slapped me whenever I referred to my stepdad by his given name. Tim had no problem with me calling him by his name. My mother seemed intent on forgetting about *my* dad, moving forward with life, whether I was ready or not. So, around mom I called Tim *Pappy*. Around Tim, I just called him *Tim*.

Mom and Tim embraced the early-70s social scene in the small, North Oregon coastal town. They participated in singles and couples bowling. They played bingo at the Catholic Church. They went square-dancing at the Grange Hall. They watched country western bands at the American Legion. If they weren't participating in some group activity, they would head to the Elks or Moose Lodges, where there would be gambling machines and cheap drinks. The only night they spent at home was Sunday. We would eat TV dinners and watch *Mutual of Omaha's Wild Kingdom* or *The Wonderful World of Disney*. This meant no headaches on Monday morning – the only morning of the week we could actually speak at a normal level before noon.

While Yogi Bear and his buddy, Boo Boo, were trying to steal a lunch basket from a hapless family at Jellystone Park, Bernice emerged from her bedroom. I gave her a little wave as she walked through the living room into the kitchen. She smiled and gave a wave back. She returned with two glasses of water.

"Good morning, Chicklets. This will help wash down the dry cereal," she whispered.

She then returned to her sanctuary, closing her bedroom door.

After watching a few more cartoons, I said to Scott, "Go get dressed." We met by the back door. I helped him button up his lined, brown corduroy jacket and tied his blue, canvas tennis shoes. I put on my plaid jacket and then tied my tennis shoes. I went to the change bowl and grabbed a quarter. I knew that one quarter would not be missed. Without brushing our teeth or combing our hair, we slipped out the back door.

We walked several blocks to the main street, kicking every rock that had the misfortune of crossing our path. The sun was shining but there was an autumn briskness to the air. Big, white, puffy clouds meandered overhead. In the drug store, we went to the penny candy section. After paying for the sugary loot, we walked up Broadway Avenue. We stopped on the bridge that crossed over the Necanicum River. We un-wrapped the candy and began to eat.

I said to Scott, "Cross the street and stand on the other side of the bridge."

He crossed the single lane street, stood near the bridge railing, and looked over to me.

I shouted over to him, "I am going to let my wrappers go and you look to see if they come out of the other side!"

I dropped three wrappers into the water, watching them disappear under the bridge. I ran across the street and then stood near Scott. We peered through the side railings, scanning for the wrappers.

Finally, Scott screamed, "There's one! It's right there!" My eyes followed his outstretched finger. The wrapper bounced along the top of the water, swirling around the current, and then out of sight.

We continued on Broadway, gazing at the collection of wares in the windows of the

tourist shops. Mugs, hats, scarves, coasters, trivets, shot glasses, t-shirts, stuffed animals, umbrellas—all marked with the words, “Seaside, Oregon.” We strolled up to the kite shop. Large kites made out of brightly-colored materials were displayed prominently in the front windows. We walked inside and began to look around.

Hanging from the ceiling, on the blue nylon background, a satiny white castle adorned a kite. There was one tall turret in the center, with two smaller matching turrets on each side. Behind the castle was a rainbow. The kite tails matched the colors of the rainbow. I stared at the kite, longingly.

I remembered the last time I had flown a kite. My dad was still alive. We went to the park on a family outing. As my mom held the handle, my dad ran with the kite, launching it into the air. Once the kite was in flight, we three kids each took a turn holding the handle. I had so much fun on that day so long ago.

“How much is this?” I asked.

The clerk said, “The one with the castle?” I nodded.

“Seventy-five dollars” he replied.

Scott and I just looked at each other. I only had two pennies in my pocket. We continued to walk through the store for a few more minutes and then began to leave.

“Hey, wait!” called out the clerk. “I can give you this kite.”

He handed us a crudely-made brown paper kite with wooden sticks. “These are free,” he said, as he pulled out a good measure of string and tied it to the cross sticks. He then attached a wooden dowel to the other end of the string to use as a handle. Scott and I were excited. We now owned a kite.

Scott and I left the shop and began to run for the beach. As we reached the promenade walk, I turned to Scott and reminded him of

the rules. “Stay on the dry sand,” I told him.

We were not allowed to walk on wet sand when we were on our own. We had to be with adults to walk near the water’s edge. Tim had warned us about the sneaky eleventh wave. This eleventh wave could swell out of nowhere, rushing ashore to knock you off your feet, dragging you out with the undertow—never to be seen again. I never understood how to accurately identify the elusive yet deadly eleventh wave. How was I to know if the first wave I saw was actually number one? Maybe I came upon the shore in time to actually view wave number four? What would happen if I made the mistake with my counting? It was just all too much math for me to wrap my mind around, so I determined that the next wave could always be the eleventh wave. It was better to be safe than sorry. I didn’t want to get sucked out into sea. I couldn’t even imagine how I would feel if I lost my little brother to the ocean.

We walked down the promenade stairway and onto the sand dunes. Sand blew against my cheek, creating a stinging sensation. I licked my lips and within seconds sand coated them. Taking the back of my hand, I brushed off as much as I could but I could still feel the gritty texture of sand on my tongue.

I unwound the string and handed Scott the kite. “Run,” I shouted to him. With the kite in hand, he ran ahead from me. I let the string slacken. The kite caught the wind and then turned downward, crashing into the sand. I ran up to Scott and the kite. I handed him the dowel. I picked up the kite and then began to run as fast as I could, throwing the kite over my head. The wind lifted it into the sky. For several minutes, we watched the kite dance in the wind, bobbing and swirling, moving side to side. A big gust pushed hair into my eyes, blocking my vision. Scott

yelled, "Oh, no!"

The string had snapped and the kite flew higher and higher. It thrashed around, spinning uncontrollably, lurching through the air. We ran along the sand dunes after it. Scott was trailing me by several yards. I stopped, waiting for him to catch up, and then we continued to run together toward the runaway kite. It began to disintegrate. One small piece landed in the sand dunes and a larger piece landed in wet sand. We collected the small piece first and then went to retrieve the larger piece. We both knew the rules; we walked toward the wet sand anyway. Picking up the tattered bits, we just stood on the water's edge, as the spent waves uncurled just a few inches of water near our feet.

We walked down the beach, lingering on the forbidden wet sand. The air smelled salty, fishy. The sound of the breaking waves created a consistent din. Seagulls bellowed their cries, circling overhead, and then swooping down close to us. The waves glistened, sparkling like glitter. White foam appeared on the shoreline, dissipating into the wet sand.

I looked at the sea foam and thought of the fairy tale that my dad had read to me when I was around Scott's age. It was the story of a little mermaid who had fallen in love with a handsome prince. She made a deal with the Sea Witch to trade her voice for human legs to get the prince to fall in love with her. The witch warned her that if she failed, she would turn into sea foam. The prince married another and the heartbroken mermaid fell into the sea, becoming foam. I then realized the little mermaid and my dad had something in common. They both had died from a broken heart.

"Look!" Scott pointed. In the waves, a round, green glass float skimmed along the

top of the water. It was a Japanese fishing float. About the size of a softball, these floats were used to hold up fish nets. The ocean currents travel between Japan and the North Oregon Coast, bringing debris back and forth. Finding a Japanese float was a rare occurrence. We Americans could find beautiful glass fishing floats as debris. The Japanese, unfortunately, seemed to get nothing more than plastic garbage from us. Not a fair trade at all.

I made up my mind that I would retrieve the float. This was my opportunity to become someone important, someone special among my new classmates. No longer would I be called the new girl in school. People would refer to me as the girl who found the Japanese glass fishing float.

I turned to Scott and said, "Stay here or else!" I wasn't sure what "or else" would entail but I did not want Scott to follow me. As his older sister, I was responsible for him.

I ran into the water, trying to stay at knee-high level. The cold water chilled my feet and lower legs immediately. My feet sank a little into the immersed sand bed, making me unbalanced. The waves would push me toward the shore and then pull at me, trying to drag me out to sea. I continued to pursue the float. It was so close and yet the waves would either thrust the float away from me or tug me away from the float. I intensified my pursuit, inching into deeper water.

Within a matter of seconds, the water was almost waist high. I turned and saw Scott, standing on the shore. He was wide-eyed and scared. I gave him a thumb's up as I grabbed the float. It was slippery, smooth to the touch. I tightened my grip to avoid dropping it, preventing the sea from reclaiming it. Then something heavy brushed along my thighs. Down in the water, I saw her. She was naked. She didn't have any

legs. Just below her waist, I saw what looked like fringe. It reminded me of the fringe on those groovy leather jackets but this fringe was made out of her skin. Long, dark hair covered her face and her hands didn't have any fingers on them.

I was startled by her presence. I screamed. I tried to move away from her but a wave knocked me off of my feet. Without taking my hands off of the float, I got up and tried to run toward dry land. Another wave came and she followed me. I looked over my shoulder at her. The sea parted her hair, exposing her face. Her eyes were sunken. They were shiny, filmy gray in color. Her mouth was widely agape, with no lips, and only teeth. I thought she would bite me but I then realized her mouth was frozen in a watery scream.

The undertow caught us both. It yanked my feet out under me, pulling me further into the ocean. An incoming wave covered my head, submerging me. I tumbled around and around underwater. I was unsure which way was up, to the open air, so I held my breath. I tried to open my eyes, instantly aware of the burning sensation of the salt water. I could taste the essence of the sea as water entered my nose, filling my mouth. Then I felt her next to me. She moved slowly to my left, into the watery darkness. I moved to my right, away from her and the shadows, breaking through the surface. I gasped for air and began to kick my legs, grateful for the waves that carried me closer to the shore.

By now, an older man and woman had joined my frightened brother on the beach. The man ran out into the waves and grabbed me. I still had the grapefruit-sized glass float tucked under my left arm. I began to cough up swallowed salt water as he helped me sit on the dry sand. I set the float down on the sand next to me.

"Where are your parents, young lady?"

the man asked. The man wore a black stocking cap on his head. He had deep wrinkles on his face and kind eyes. He looked worried.

"At home," I replied.

The woman began to chide Scott and me, "You should never come to the beach without your parents. Do they let you do this often?" She pulled a facial tissue from her coat pocket, offering it to me to clean the salty spittle from my face.

Scott replied, "We aren't supposed to be here."

I was still shaken. My teeth chattered and my lower lip was quivering uncontrollably. I stood up and said, "Thank you. We won't come here alone again. *Please* don't tell our parents." I began to cry. Scott began to cry. The man and woman looked at each other.

The man said, "Alright, we won't. Will you be able to make it home on your own?" Scott and I nodded *yes*.

I picked up the glass float and Scott and I began to walk toward the promenade stairway. I stopped, turning to the couple, and yelled, "Oh, thank you for saving me, sir!"

The older woman walked toward us. She pulled out two peppermint candies from her pocket, handing one to me and then one to Scott. I stuck the peppermint in my mouth. I appreciated her kindness and gave her a lopsided smile.

"Now, you two hurry home, okay, and please stay away from the water unless you have your parents with you," she pleaded. I replied, "Yes, ma'am." Once we reached the promenade, I looked back toward the ocean. The older couple remained in the same spot, watching us until we were out of view.

Scott and I walked in silence. My clothing was soaking wet. My shoes made a squishing sound with each step. I was so cold that I could barely feel my fingers and toes. It

seemed like we had to walk a hundred miles to reach home. When we finally approached our house, I pulled Scott over behind some bushes.

"Scott, you can't tell Mom and Tim about this *ever!* We will both get into some serious trouble." I knew that I had committed a transgression worthy of being grounded and losing my television privileges. I added, "This has to be our secret! Pinky promise?"

Scott replied, "I promise."

We interlocked our pinky fingers. I began to walk toward the house, but Scott remained standing behind the bushes. I ran back to him and motioned for him to follow me. He didn't move. Walking up to him, I tried to grab his hand. He pulled away. He crossed his arms, his lower lip protruding.

"Sissy," he asked, "What made you scream when you were in the water?" With concern, he continued, "Did you see a shark?" He looked at me, searching, without blinking. He needed an answer.

"Nope, I didn't see a shark but I did see a mermaid—a scary-looking mermaid." A typical seven-year-old, Scott took my words at face value. He then began to follow me home.

We crept through the back door. Our mother was in the bathroom, getting ready for the evening. She didn't hear us enter the house. I motioned to Scott to follow me upstairs. Tim was sitting in the recliner, decked out in his dress clothing—wide-legged slacks, wide-collared shirt, and neutral plaid blazer. The hint of Paco Rabanne scented the air. Without removing his eyes from the television, Tim asked, "Where have you kids been today?"

"We were just walking around town," I replied. I hid the glass float under my coat, creating an obvious bulge, which remained unnoticed.

"You missed lunch, huh?" he asked. "Well, Bernice can make you some grilled cheese sandwiches for dinner, okay?"

Scott and I replied, "Okay," as we hurried up the stairs. I made Scott cover his eyes as I changed into dry clothing. Within a matter of minutes, we were being summoned. I took the glass float and hid it under my bed. Scott and I joined the family downstairs.

My mother put a tube of lipstick and a powder compact into her pocket-book as she absent-mindedly kissed us each on the cheek. She wore a red, black, and white-striped wraparound dress with fancy, black pumps. Her lips were ruby red and her hair was upswept, held by a rhinestone-studded barrette. Bernice was reminded of our bedtimes and told to make grilled cheese for dinner.

"See you in the morning," Tim said. We knew he and mother wouldn't even acknowledge us until the following early afternoon.

Bernice went to the kitchen to make the grilled cheese sandwiches. Scott and I followed her. My stomach made loud, growling noises. Bernice grabbed a frying pan from the cabinet and practically threw it onto the stove. She pulled out the bread from its wrapper and forcefully put butter on each slice. She then retrieved the yellow-orange American cheese from the refrigerator. She assembled the sandwiches and began to grill them. She had a scowl on her face. In a quiet voice, I asked, "Bernice, are you mad at us?"

She stopped mid-flip. She stared at Scott and me for a moment and then replied, "Oh, no, my little Chicklets. I am not mad at you. Why don't you sit at the table and I'll bring you the sandwiches as soon as I am done."

I was relieved.

Bernice set three paper plates on the table and filled three cups of Kool-Aid. She

gave Scott the first completed sandwich. Within a few minutes, she brought me a sandwich. By the time she sat down with her sandwich, Scott and I were finished eating. I was too tired to talk. We sat in comfortable silence while Bernice finished her meal. After dinner, Bernice made us take a bath, put on our pajamas, and brush our teeth. We then spent a few hours watching television, allowing time for our hair to dry.

We watched one of my favorite programs, *The Partridge Family*. Scott and I laughed out loud. Bernice sat on the sofa in silence. Some of the jokes were too adult in nature for Scott and me to understand but we inherently knew to laugh along with the canned laugh tracks. The anonymous, unseen crowd laughed so we joined in the laughter, figuring it just had to be funny.

From time to time, I glanced over to Bernice. She seemed very sad to me. I wish she could laugh along with us, but she remained quiet. She had said many times that she thought David Cassidy was really *neat*; I knew this meant that she thought he was really cute. Tonight, even David failed to make her smile. When she was sad, it made me feel uneasy. I didn't understand why she was unhappy. I just wanted to fix it.

At bedtime, I crawled under my bed and pulled out the glass float, placing it underneath my covers. The sphere was smooth, cool to the touch. The blankets were unable to warm it. I couldn't wait to bring the glass float to school on Monday. My new classmates would be impressed with my extraordinary find. They should be more impressed that I had retrieved it on my own, triumphing over the treacherous eleventh wave.

I could hear Bernice tucking Scott into bed. I waited. She entered my room and said, "Time to go to sleep." I reached under my

covers and showed Bernice the glass float. I told her that I had found it.

"This is far out!" she exclaimed. I desperately wanted to make her happy, to see her smile, even briefly. I then gave the glass float to her. She held the float in her hands, rubbing it like a crystal ball.

"Oh, no, Sissy, you keep it!" I assured her that I wanted her to have it. She became teary-eyed and gave me the biggest smile. She seemed pleased, almost happy. She thanked me for the gift and kissed me on the forehead.

"I love you, Bernice," I said, feeling it deeply.

"I love you, too, Sissy." Holding the glass float in one hand, Bernice closed my door. I heard the muffled sound of her entering her bedroom. I knew she would sit on the floor in front of her stereo, with her big headphones on, lost in her music. I hoped, though, that she would look at the glass float and feel a sliver of happiness.

I fell asleep quickly. I began to dream of my day, the candy wrapper floating down the river, the kite flying freely in the sky. I dreamt of the beautiful, green glass float. I dreamt of my sister's smile. It was a good dream. It was a happy dream. I then had an image of my dad. I remembered when he would hug me tight after he came home from work, kissing me warmly on my cheek. I missed him. I missed my mom, even though she was still here. I missed my old life.

My dream began to evolve into a frightening nightmare. I was in the moment, sitting at the dinner table with my family. My dad asked my mom for sodium bicarbonate. He got up from the table, pacing around the room, rubbing his chest. She had the glass of the bubbly bicarbonate in her hand. He looked toward us, then directly at her. His eyes filled with surprise, fear. He dropped to the floor in a loud thump. The glass of

bicarbonate dropped to the floor with a loud crash. Glass and foam spread out like a wave across the tiles, diamond-like shards glistening. My mom screamed, "Call the operator and ask for an ambulance!" My sister hurried to the phone. My mom was bent over my dad, slapping his cheeks, shaking him, yelling, "Charles!" He stared blankly up to the ceiling. His mouth was partially open. His skin began to turn to gray.

At the funeral, everyone was sad, solemn, dressed in black. I heard one of my aunts say to a neighbor, "I can't believe he died from a heart attack at such a young age." My dad

died because his heart stopped. He died from a broken heart.

I drifted into another place. This place was dark, cold, and wet; salt water and sea foam. I was tumbling around and around. I was at the mercy of the tumultuous sea. I couldn't find my way to the surface. I felt vulnerable. I struggled to breathe. I became immobilized with fear, longing for the safety of the shore. In the darkness, I saw her. The mermaid floated toward me, her dead eyes staring directly into mine. Her gaping mouth opened into a wide, grotesque, silent scream. I began to scream along with her.



Stirling Gorsuch, *Tillamook Head Gathering*  
Linocut

*Rick Mack*

## ROCKY MOUNTAIN ELK

the ride will begin in darkness, but for now, the horse and I stand together in the island of light that drifts down from the 60 watt bulb in the aisle of the barn soft amber, the light flows around us in honey slowness thin dust rises from the horse's hide as the saddle settles in this early hour quiet, sound grows crisp and isolated startling the ear like the snap of thin ice outside, the trail follows the flank of Mt. Emily and as darkness shades toward light, the crusted snow reflects both moon and the coming of the dawn the only sounds, the huff of a working horse the squeak of saddle and hoof falling on old snow ground fog softens the edge of reality and the world flows as in a dream; unattached but in the dream, shapes move in the trees are these breathing stones? the manifestation of the mountain's soul? the heartbeat of the earth? and then I see - we are among the elk black eyes blink the horse and I stand a moment in the circle and then, slowly, we ride on, as if blessed



Daniel & Lucien Swerdloff

# SKY RIDERS

In the high desert regions ringing the great mountain of al-Zefirot and surrounded by the vast white sands of the nomadic tribes, the environment is too harsh for bird or mammal. The traders, who must occasionally pass through the region, refer to it as "the dread beneath Zefirot." The creatures that live there are adapted to the dry climate, high altitude and blazing winds. Most are small, roundish, sand burrowing animals that come to the surface at dawn, when it is still cool, to soak in a few precious drops of moisture from the dew, and again after dusk, when the unbearable heat of the day has mostly burned off, to ingest like-minded, but smaller, less-fortunate creatures.

A most amazing exception is the symbiotic sky rider, composed of a huge snail-like creature and an angular, yellow bird-like creature. The first known reference is from the 11th century mystic al-Quibar Kuybar who writes of the not infrequent sightings by the trade caravans, especially around the times of the equinoxes when the temperature extremes are less pronounced. Ptolemenious the Younger, several hundred years later,

describes their strange, yet efficient behavior.

The huge snail floats beneath a too-small shell attached by a particularly strong mucous membrane. Atop the shell stands the bird, wings spread wide to catch the winds. The bird's talons are deeply embedded into the shell, also attached by the heavy membrane. In this way the creature glides over the sands gathering food. As the underside of the snail skims over the sand, the mucous ensnares the small creatures—bugs, worms, arthropods—which become easy picking for both snail and bird. Ptolemenious the Younger postulates that minute pressure differentials within the shell induced by opening and closing the mucous membranes between the snail's back and bird's talons aid in controlling flight.

Since there have been no known sightings of sky riders during the night or day it is unclear if they are nocturnal, diurnal or strictly twiurnal, or what their sleeping habits are. A 19th-century traveler claimed to have seen a sky rider burrow into the sand by rapidly spinning around like a top. The traveler goes on to speculate that this is the sky rider's mode of sleeping.



Daniel & Lucien Swerdluff

# TWO HEADED MOON FROG

**F**u dogs, also known as temple lions or lion dogs, are common in China, Korea and Japan. Less well known are the related two headed moon frogs of northeastern China.

Fu dogs traditionally stand in pairs outside of palaces, government buildings and other structures as sentinels guarding against evil. They symbolize great strength and courage. The male lion is placed to the right of the entrance; the female to the left. The male has one raised paw resting on a globe—protecting the structure. The female has one raised paw resting on a cub—protecting the occupants. It is said that fu dogs were introduced to China by traveling Buddhists during the Han Dynasty (206 BC–220 AD) who brought stories of lions from far away lands. Since the lion is not indigenous to China, sculptors modeled them after native, often Pekingese, dogs.

There are several variations of fu dogs. The mythological Keiloon is a creature with horns on the head of a lion and scales on the body of a deer that is associated with Feng Shui. A Japanese variation replaces the male and female lions with an open mouthed lion (Shiisaa) and a closed mouth dog (Komainu). The mouth positions can be interpreted as representing the sacred Sanskrit om sound. Along the border between North Korea and China there is a myth of the lion frog, a pair of creatures—one with the head of a lion on the body of a frog, the other with the head of a frog on the body of a lion—that is believed

to protect travelers across water and land.

In the Changbai mountains, also called the Changbai Sea of Forests, of Jilin province in northeastern China there is a legend of a two headed moon frog that was popular until the time of Emperor Kang Xi of the Qing Dynasty (1644–1911). The creature morphs the lion frog pair into a single two-headed creature with both male and female attributes. It has one male and one female head that usually share a single face (although two faced versions have been described). The body and feet are those of a frog. The head and ears are those of a lion, and a lion's mane runs down the nape of the neck splitting into two rows of scales along the back of the front legs. The face is sometimes described as human. It is believed that the creature lives in the nether regions between land and water, emerging to protect travelers against grave danger. A Buddhist monk traveling to Hegang in the 16th century describes an encounter on the Songhua river in which no less than 32 two headed moon frogs line the bank of the river preventing an armed party of marauding thieves from plundering and destroying the small trade boat on which the monk sailed.

Villagers believe that two headed moon frogs always appear in multiples of eight, symbolizing the eight-fold path. This is doubted by several historians who note that the myths probably originated long before the arrival of Buddhists.

*Kyle R. McCarthy*

## SALT

A transformer humming on its pole  
outside our inn room  
on Carmel  
in the night  
as the neons stud blocks at intervals  
wrapped in letters  
advertising  
inviting night life.

The clatter of kitchens hanging above the street conversations,  
the smell of fry oil  
when the bars are full,  
and the tide retreats out,  
we march onto the newborn black beach,  
leaving the neon glow waiting behind tufts of whispering scrub grass  
spread over perpetually shifting dunes,  
scratching the brine in the air.

A shell,  
glazed in blue,  
wayward son,  
patterned natural artifact,  
lays in the still wet amongst jelly fish chunks that are slippery.  
I take it,  
and keep it,  
and we run from the wave  
as it charges from the dark,  
and we have to shake off our shoes,  
before we enter the convenience store,  
to buy chips.

Vera Wildauer

# A PEA IN PURGATORY

**T**here's nothing quite as disconcerting as suddenly finding yourself balanced on a fork. Alone, except for two other green companions, removed from your community of dinner plate, where the self-important pork chop resides, and the stolid potatoes, and all forty-eight of your other dear companions, vivid as early spring.

And that's why you leap, or maybe it's just the sudden alarm that startles you awake and so you drop and roll under the rim. You didn't mean to hide. It probably looks that way to the rest of them, as forkful by forkful they disappear into the maw, the unavoidable destiny of everyone.

Except for you, in the shadow under the dinner plate. You cool into an unsavory state while above you there is the ear shattering din of scrape and clink, the thunderous murmur of mastication.

In the whirl of table clearing, you are flung, unseen, to the floor, roll across the linoleum and trundle under the fridge, slowed by dust and cat hair, past a desiccated blueberry and damaged elbow noodle and, remarkably, several wine corks. There is only hum there, in the dark and timeless world.

You are sentinel for a time, an eternity as you dry and harden, the wrinkles crazing your once plump skin. No resurrection. Everyone on the dinner plate will have returned again and again, reincarnated in a myriad of forms, while you lie purposeless,

just out of reach of even the cat's paw.

You can hope for something dramatic. A flood perhaps. A tsunami to burst through the walls to suck you (and the fridge) out to the briny deep, to be swallowed by a crab or halibut, or to soften and dissipate into the vast universe, resurrected someday as seaweed or squid.

If not a flood, then a fire, to transmute your dry old self to ash and gas. Rise and rise and then fall again, enclosed in the wet of a thousand raindrops and cascade off the fragrant pine needles to the thirsty earth. Get absorbed by fern roots, trade your seed self for a spore and drift to earth again. And then sprout. It could be so never-ending.

Instead you wait and watch as another cork rumbles in or a grain of rice or a leaf of wayward basil.

Your memories are left to you now, or the stories you tell yourself, the might-have-beens, of when you were not plucked by that morose eleven year old and shucked into the big blue bowl by the cheerful grandmother, and instead were eaten by a fawn on some April morning.

And if not eaten, then dropped, still cocooned with your three enwombed litter mates, buried by careless feet until you, the one among you chosen to be resurrected there, in the garden. Wild and volunteer, the truest of your many fates.

*John Hagerty*  
THE RIVER CALLS

*I wrote this an hour after the third time I almost drowned in the Columbia River*

The river calls out ‘come’  
Come out away from shore  
You can see the other side  
You can feel the ebbing tide  
Come out where the mouth is wide  
Come out, come out, more

The river calls out ‘come’  
The day is hot as any hell  
The current seems so soft and slow  
It’s all so quiet, there below  
Where there are secretes you can know  
But you will never get to tell

*Julie Tennis*  
**DRAGONFLY**

The dragonfly dips her toes in the spilled ink.

Hovering on helicopter wings,  
with delicate care,  
she touches the bare page.

This way and that—  
connecting lines, placing dots.

She's concentrating,  
hard.  
Symbols begin to form.

I try to understand them,  
I feel like I should.

She continues to write.  
I think of Charlotte and her web.  
My dragonfly friend doesn't write in English.

She is writing in dragonfly.

I relax my mind,  
settle into the symbols,  
and let their meaning  
settle into me.



Kristen Shauck's Drawing Class: Robert Bailey, Arieanna Blaylock, Susan Bowe, Ann Davenport, Sarah Frederickson, Josef Glover, Sharyn Hedblom, Ann Heineck, Richard Magathan, Derek Queen, Emily Sarri, Joy Slack, D'len Thomasian, *Fall Term Collaborative Mural*, Graphite on Paper



Kay Stoltz

## THE BLANK PAGE

“**W**rite,” says the Professor. I stare at the page: stark, white, cold, forbidding.

“Just let the words flow.”

The professor strides like a martinet, back and forth, emphasizing each directive with a punch of his hand in the air. All he needs is a crop and jodhpurs like WWII officers in the movies.

“There is no such thing as talent,” he says, “Paraphrasing Thomas Edison, ‘Talent is ten percent inspiration and ninety percent perspiration.’”

So anyone with a modicum of intelligence can write? If they applied themselves 30 minutes every day?

I turn to the window for that ten percent inspiration, looking anywhere but at that accusatory blank paper. The willow tree with its twisted, massive trunk stands strong and eternal; the string-like extensions of its limbs blow softly in the December breeze. In the summer, it is a curtain of feathery green between the neighbors and me. The winter scene shows forgotten toys: a wagon upside down with a wheel missing, a swing set and broken trucks on the ground beneath. A pile of lumber, slightly askew, under the tree. All are symbols that remind me that the neighbor children are still young, still building their lives.

There are no toys or lumber on my side of the tree. I am past that stage, into middle age, children gone. I find other ways to spend my time. This writing course, for instance. It should be a great outlet, but it seems I have nothing to say.

“Don’t worry about form or a beginning or

end: start where your emotions are now.” The Professor paces and punches the air.

Form always guided my life. From infancy, with the emphasis on control, my grandmothers taught me to follow rules and stay in the lines. Even now, their words direct me.

*Everyone knows tulips are not bigger than houses. Be a young lady, not a tomboy. Do what I say because I said so. You will always have to do things you don't want to do. Good mothers don't yell. Good wives like to keep house. If you were organized, you could get it all done.*

The “Writer’s Checklist” handout we’ve received tells us to use concrete nouns for see, touch, hear, taste, smell words. How do you incorporate that in a philosophical essay. How can you taste, touch, or smell ideas?

My last paper, on the table next to me, screams with the professor’s dreadful, harsh words. “Your worst!” the Professor writes, “You have been reading too much *Good Housekeeping*.”

My worst? I thought it was a good idea, about a woman who lives in a dream world and ignores real life. I did not like her, and hated writing the paper. All that sweat for nothing. Writing exposes yourself, naked as that willow in the winter.

“We’ve got to get you beyond this.” the Professor’s words continue to sting.

He won’t like this paper either. So why

do I care what that man thinks? Am I writing for him or myself? Maybe I have said it all. I can’t put myself back into childhood or see meaning in my current world. There is nothing. That man up there, the professor, yells at me/us. Another man to criticize, defeat me. I don’t need it here.

“Everybody has something to say.”

That’s true, I suppose. Just listen to some go on and on. It takes hours for them to say their something.

The Checklist continues. Style: In harmony with content to produce the desired tone, (attitude).

I have tone: all morose, heavy, mystical...

Tick tock, I hear the clock, rapid, racing. It reminds me to be like that, active, positive, let it pour out.

Look at the willow. Willows bend, not break. Listen, hear your positive voice, not those who criticize.

That’s it!

That’s my story: the tale of a browbeating, relentless, unbending man with a Napoleon “littleman” complex. He pounds his thoughts to the unsure, doubtful woman, he breaks through to her inner self, sparks defiance. It awakes: a will to fight back. She will persevere. She will bend, not break.

Excited, I turn back to the blank page: fresh, clean, waiting for my words.

*Anne Splane Phillips*  
PICTURES

Do old buildings shimmer  
invisible in air that still  
holds their shape,  
carrying voices still  
floating there, of those  
whose hearts went down  
when a boat capsized—drowning  
along with the crew, their tears  
and sighs creating a fabric too sheer  
to be seen—but they  
are speaking.

We lean into that space—  
white and gray, with black  
strokes of abandoned pilings  
and piers, wondering  
what language do we mutually  
know that tugs at our hearts—  
what do we owe—what are  
they asking?

*Florence Sage*

## TRYST AT OLD DISMAL NITCH

Not so dismal by the time we left at five.  
We have a way of cheering a place up.  
Anyone would think we were lovers.

I brought your kimono, mended and folded,  
three books you asked for  
and two pears fit for travel,  
Bosc and Bartlett in a box,  
plus mandarin oranges and a plate of cheese,  
crackers and tea, something for the dog.  
Anyone would think we were lovers.

I got there sooner to watch you arrive  
in your faithful '89,  
straight into my waiting arms  
and the happy squeals of the Basset  
sniffing up and down your pants and shoes.  
Anyone would think we were lovers.

Embraced in a flurry of greetings,  
dropping your keys on the driver's seat,  
slamming the door locked, oh damn,  
you stood with me in pause,  
forgetting the clock and who did what,  
in breathless pause we stood beside the locked car.

Under time's tick tock and descending sun  
no rush. No matter to us  
the hour it took to open the lock,  
a perfect stick from a nearby logging road,  
merry burglars and wagging hound,  
or that the tea got cold in the late rising wind  
and we had to huddle up, no matter at all to us.  
Anyone would think we were lovers.



Jon Schmidt, *Manhole Cover, Ogatsu, Japan*  
Photograph

Matt Love

# THE LAST PAPERBOYS IN AMERICA

I was driving the hills around town of Astoria, admiring the interesting old houses, when I saw a boy, 11 or 12, walking in rain with a white canvas bag slung over his shoulder. Odd, I thought, boys his age carry backpacks or smartphones, not canvas bags. I didn't know what to make of it. I had just moved to town and it was something new to me.

He walked in a meandering, daydreaming fashion, clearly not in a hurry. I circled the block for another look and saw him extricate a newspaper from the bag and slide it nonchalantly inside a blue rectangle box with *Astorian* in white letters.

I could not believe my eyes. I hadn't seen anyone deliver a newspaper on foot in almost 40 years. I didn't know this cultural tradition, once a staple in films, literature and folklore, still existed. I only wish the boy had thrown a rolled paper on a porch or run from a vicious dog or gotten seduced by a bored housewife and then the nostalgia would have been complete.

The last time I saw a paperboy on foot, (actually, he bicycled half the time) was growing up in Oregon City in the 1970s. My parents subscribed to the afternoon *Oregon Journal* and I read it every day cover to cover except for the stock listings and horoscope. The Portland metro area was a two-newspaper town back then: *Oregonian* in the morning; *Journal* in the afternoon. *Oregonian* conservative—*Journal* liberal. The *Journal* folded in 1982 and the same fate seems imminent for the rapidly-shrinking, all-entertainment *Oregonian*, which isn't a daily anymore or even a newspaper for that matter.

I watched the kid. He appeared happy. Over the next couple of days, I started seeing more paperboys delivering the *Daily Astorian*, although many of them were not boys. I saw two middle-aged men smoking cigarettes delivering on Commercial Street. I saw a paperboy go into a dive bar and presumably take a shot of Cutty Sark before continuing his route. I saw a Latino man delivering on a one-speed bicycle near the library. I saw a man using a cane shouldering the distinctive canvas bag. I saw two adolescent girls delivering in my neighborhood and bitching about it because their mother didn't want to walk that hot afternoon.

Everything about paperboys delivering an afternoon edition of a newspaper on the Oregon Coast entranced me and I found myself calling my friends in Portland and saying things like, "Hey, guess what I'm looking at? Two grown men smoking cigarettes delivering newspapers on foot at three o'clock in the afternoon in Astoria and it's pouring down rain. Oh yeah, they just went into a bar, carrying their newspapers!"

I had a thousand questions for these paperboys. I wanted to hear their stories and deliver newspapers myself and make a documentary film about this miraculously survived tradition. I want to call the film *The Last Paperboys in America* and naturally I would have to shoot it digitally with a 16 mm film filter, maybe even in black and white to give it that retro look. I'd also have to take a route, walk Astoria this way, earn a little extra dough, spend it on something frivolous, like really good bourbon.

*Anne Splane Phillips*

## NUDES AND THE ART OF BLANKNESS

spaces around the obvious,  
the light behind the dark—the  
pause that reflection has to cross,  
the poem that  
jumps—like the negative, less  
than zero number, to the where  
it is before—and the hopping  
across gaps, the imperative desire  
to connect—make it whole  
in an almost salivary  
pleasure of being trusted to fill the  
blanks by yourself—

like a sculpture with inexplicit  
places for you to follow, imagining what  
is left out as you run your hands  
around it—seeking the resonance  
of what it is saying, feeling the urge  
to touch and go deeper—like paintings  
that pull us in—like the one we  
saw at the art gallery the other day  
in a space filled afternoon going to visit  
an exhibit of nudes, a ripe field  
for being too specific—we both  
liked the one of the black outlined  
woman that filled two-thirds of  
the painting's upper left hand corner,  
separated from the one-third space  
below, by an uncrossable dark  
boundary of line—natural canvas,  
jute color, left completely bare.

# Wayne Downing

## THE ALSO-RANS

Like big trucks that appear suddenly when the snow falls; like bikini girls when the weather warms... In the days of rain I see lonely men with downcast faces and soiled, sagging coats, wandering the beach like nomads, hoping to heal themselves from the death of a long love.

Like old cars parked in the grass by the rundown trailers; like the weather-worn folds of old men and the ancient faces of old women... The howl of time steals our courage and stings our eyes, and sends us running to our nearest safe place, the home, the bottle, the church.

Everyone has a dream, starting long ago when we learned to hope for things we did not have... And when we discovered that the curse of being a grownup is in becoming too reasonable and living our lives too carefully, we realized then that our childhood was beginning to die.

Holding onto a dream is like trying to catch a waterfall in a thimble.

Maybe what we should do is take our goals in little spoonfuls like medicine and smaller bites like gumdrops, like reaching for a prize at the fair (and being careful not to grab the golden ring—it might be hiding a hook).

And so tonight, let us celebrate the death of our biggest dreams.

Raise your glass for all of us who've never won, who shoved our second place ribbons away in a drawer. Here's to the days when mother wiped our tears when we finished last; here's how we got fat on French fries and

sundaes, trying to make us feel better. Here's to all of us who quit with one year to go, one grade short, one more letter, one more report.

Here's to the boy who dreamed of building skyscrapers and today cleans them instead. Here's to the girl who wanted to be an actress who works in the booth selling tickets. Here's to the daughter who waits for the phone to ring, the son never called on by the teacher; here's to the kid with the crooked foot.

This is for the guy who fell because he couldn't stand alone; the man who lost his job at fifty; the woman who stands in the middle of the street and yells, "Why won't anybody listen to me!"

We are the ordinary, the everyday people, the families whose houses the rich man mocks, the wives who serve mush for dinner, the guy who sells his books to buy work boots, the men and women who toil so that others may rest; we are the unkempt and the under-educated and the chronically ill; we are those who await the wrath of angels.

Raise your glass to the poet whose deathless words sit idle on a musty table in an empty loft; the writer whose great American opus lies buried in the grave beside him. Drink to the artist whose vision thrives in his soul but pales on his brush, to the old man who can't get anyone to listen to his stories.

Don't grab us by the coat tails and scream in our ear, "Yes, you can!" Well, maybe we can, but... but what we've earned is the right to rest, to move away from the struggle.

Don't make us have to go to Heaven when we're through. Don't make this life of ours have to start all over again. Bury us deep within the soil. Let the noise and chaos of this world fall heavily onto someone else. Let us sleep forgotten and unbothered.

I remember being held in my mother's arms. I remember my father's stern glances when I did wrong. I remember the night

when I first kissed a girl and my heart stood up on a throne... My first real man's job, my first night on the streets alone, with only myself to trust... Even my first beer...

Give my memories back to me in dreams. Give me a soft bed and a fresh heart (and maybe an itty bitty light so I can wake up at night, and maybe, when no one's looking, maybe that's when my luck will change).



Kerri Zell, *Community Float*  
Anagama Fired Clay

*Tricia Gates Brown*

## RESILIENCE

Each summer woods threaten  
to take this place. Salmonberry, elder,  
the Sasquatch mittens of devils claw,  
encroach on the patch around our house

then swallow it whole. We have never had  
the wild and cloying cucumber, but there  
he is, showing out of nowhere, like sea scum,  
algae blooms, crops of a warmer earth.

On this misty day, the flora don patinas of brilliant  
resilience, like they dare us try  
and stop them, same as we did in our twenties,  
when fluids coursed through and we toiled

and reached, and our dreams were a bow that shot  
us every moment, every day, to the final power.

Zackery O'Connor  
COMING TO IT

“The child is father of the man,”  
-William Wordsworth

Coming to it I recall the cold—the nickel trigger  
and walnut on bare fingers. Falling snow,  
thick and muted plumes, whose marked descent  
by contrast drew the falling sun’s decline  
into relief.

And there on the banks of the Snake  
River, where the serpent’s bulk sags farthest  
south through Russian olives and apple groves,  
where fathers address the men they see in sons,  
we waited.

Coming to it I recall the sound—a thousand wings  
biting into air and racing the sun  
to the horizon in an arced fall from the heavens.  
Fingers constricted, hammers dropped, and steel tore a hole  
in the sky by which the birds were swallowed.  
And there on the banks lay the drake,  
whose steelshot shattered wing became a pivot  
around which his ruptured body flailed,  
iridescent speculum feathers sopping black blood;  
I watched.

Coming to it I recall the words—*it's cruel  
to let him suffer*—and we started forward.  
Fingers, numb with cold, slick with sweat,  
felt the wild pull of air through the throat,  
the sober swell of blood in the veins.

And there on the bight of the Snake—  
my hand the axis, his eyes fixed and bulging,  
unable to watch his body catch in grisly torsion,  
or his porcelain vertebrae wrench to angles—  
he died.



Terry Shumaker, *It's a Gift to be Simple*  
Oil on Board

*Heather C. Davis*

## MOURNING JOY

As he cried on my shoulder  
I hugged him tight  
His father dead in the other room  
My abuser dead in the other room

As the gurney rolled past  
I held his hand tight  
His father in the body bag  
My abuser in the body bag

I sat by his side  
As he filled out his father's death certificate  
As he filled out my abuser's death certificate

I hugged him tight and said  
I love you  
I kissed him  
I told him  
To howl at the moon

I walked on the beach  
Screamed at the waves  
Kicked the sands  
And celebrated.

# Mark Scott Smith

## TUBERCULOSIS

The town's electricity had gone off again and candles flickered in windows along the dusty main street as I headed back toward the hospital. The night nurse on the children's ward, that was dimly lit by an emergency generator, tilted her head toward the newly-admitted child. *La niña está muy débil, doctor* - very weak, she said in lilting Mayan-accented Spanish.

Cast in half light against the wall, the father's weather-beaten face seemed to reflect both discomfort over being in the hospital and concern for the sick little girl slung with orange fabric across his wife's back. When I introduced myself as a *pediatra*, he hesitated, then shook my hand firmly. I glanced at the young nurse who began to translate from Mayan into Spanish. She asked the father in a guttural dialect, most unlike her melodious Spanish, why they had come to the hospital. Sorry to bother you, doctor, he said. It's just that the child won't eat.

The short, dark mother wore a black skirt, embroidered with bright flowers at the hem that fell over her dusty bare feet and a white blouse with finely-colored needlepoint about the collar. Her wrinkled face and weary posture made her seem more like a grandmother than the mother she actually was. Smiling wanly, she pulled up one side of her blouse and exposed a pendulous breast. The little girl lay against her, sucking listlessly, intermittently, at the long dark nipple.

When I asked for more history, the mother turned to the father, her eyes asking him to continue the story. Cough, he said - and fever. She's had it for over a week. An injection by

the pharmacist in the village didn't help, so we've come to the hospital. We began early this morning, walking through the woods, hitching a ride on a truck on the highway, then walking again. *Seis horas* - six hours it took, doctor.

The child looked to be about two years old. She's four years old, doctor, the father said. *Muy chiquita*, very small. Her twin died last winter. Not sure why. She coughs a lot and won't eat.

The child's eyes were sunken and her deep brown skin looked sallow. Her thick, black hair was neatly braided on each side and dust-tracked tears were dried upon her cheeks. Boney arms and legs, with a few scattered scabs, protruded from a threadbare blue cotton dress that had been meticulously patched. Her cough was surprisingly light and dry, but when her mother removed the dress, I could see the outline of her ribs as she breathed.

A weak little hand tried to brush me away as I knelt to listen to her lungs. Crackling sounds, like folding cellophane, rustled through the stethoscope into my ears. The father leaned in as I looked up from his child. Your daughter is seriously ill, I said. She needs to stay here in the hospital. *Sí, Doctor*, he said with a slight bow of his head.

I wrote orders for the lab personnel who would arrive in the morning and headed back to my quarters for a few hours sleep. When I returned for morning rounds, I learned the parents had left with the child in the night. The father had to return to the fields and there was no one else to care for the other children at home.

*James Dott*

## THREE CROWS

Same spring, three different nests,  
babies of three sisters,  
came in blind, ugly pink-skinned things,  
then each a blue-eyed, black-downed maw  
always cawing: *More!*  
Now, barely grown, still unpaired,  
they spend the days together.

### *Early Morning*

The three, each flying with its family,  
call to one another through the fog,  
join up in their meeting tree.  
One is named Hunger,  
story is he shoved his siblings out of the nest  
to get more food,  
his parents stole robin nestlings, tried to kill a kitten,  
to feed his voraciousness:  
*Empty Belly. Must fill it.*

### *Mid Morning*

the fog has lifted to the treetops  
Three flickers peck holes  
in the last apples still hanging, high on a tree.  
The three crows condense out of the gray  
and descend, driving them away.  
In the flurry of wings and caws:  
*Get out of here! This is our tree*  
the remaining leaves are knocked loose  
and spin down to wet ground.  
Another is called Cat

who learned from her mother how to call:

*Kitty, kitty,*

*maow, maow.*

The neighbor's spaniel, barks,  
bewildered, no cat to be seen or smelled:  
*It's a joke, stupid dog. Don't you get it?*

#### *Late Morning*

They keep contact with their families,  
fly and feed, tree to lawn, lawn to tree,  
tree to a restaurant dumpster down the hill,  
There's nearly constant calling about food,  
*Come, come, I found french fries!*  
The third is Death, black as it will be,  
when he was fledged but  
not yet an accomplished flyer  
he got hit by a car and he went there  
but somehow flew back,  
left wing is still bent, now he reminds any in earshot:  
*You will die. You will die.*

#### *Noon*

Rain starts, then stops. The tide is out.  
The three fly down to the mud flats to find clams  
to open them they drop on the asphalt path  
until gulls swoop in and drive them off  
*Go back to town crow babies. This is our place!*

#### *Mid Afternoon*

The rapid, loud assembly call draws the three to the forest edge

where twenty crows are mobbing a red-tail hawk,  
pinned down in the branches of an alder,  
they join the yelling and the dive-bombing  
until the hawk escapes, floundering through the trees,  
and the crows disperse, taunting:  
*If you come again we'll peck out your eyes!*

#### *Late Afternoon*

Gale force gusts and heavy rain,  
the crows hunker down in a hemlock to keep dry.  
They perch in silence, empty, like holes,  
dark entrances to the other world.  
Late in the day hunger finally forces them  
out into the drenching rain,  
for chicken skin and moldy cheese washed down the street,  
garbage spilled in the storm.  
There is no word for "thanks" in Crow,  
even among those whose tongues were split by a silver coin,  
like those in Old Irish tales,  
Their caws only tell us  
*Leave that. We'll take it.*

#### *Dusk*

The rain stops.  
There is clearing in the west where the sun dyed the clouds a faint pink.  
Their families call them, they part, caw farewells,  
Hunger, full for once, passes up peanuts tossed out in a backyard,  
Cat mews to her mother, *I'll meet you at our tree*,  
A broken feather falls from Death's bent wing.

*Alec Chapa*

## WITHIN SEAMS

Little Point here,  
Little Point there—  
Dimension through pair.

In being—relation;  
In sharing—imitation;  
Separation—a being negation.  
Seaming the infinite—constant consummation.

We *are*, relation;  
“having,” confuses origination.  
The sound and silence relation:  
The seam between—vibration.  
And so, the hearing sensation.

So seeing, seeing what we might,  
so dance, dance Black and White!  
Eyes, collaboration through sight,  
And so, darkness and light.  
Lost in the limitless seams, of May and Might.

Potential is already, Infinity frozen;  
Self-fulfilled, needing not be chosen;  
Grand string fabric, All interwoven.  
The seams of all possibilities,  
We are what grows in.



Stirling Gorsuch, *Focus*  
Monoprint, Linocut, Chine Collé

Luis Trujillo

# THE ENDLESS SKY FULL OF LUMINOUS LIGHT

Many Astronomers have speculated about what could lie within the endless blackness that is the sky, so chock full of stars and meteors, comets and, possibly, intelligent life. Some look for aliens while others speculate upon the existence of the universe. Some look for new planets or large bodies of stagnant rocks that float in an endless cycle. Stars are defined as a massive luminous sphere of plasma held together by its own gravity.

A star the size of our Sun requires about fifty million years to mature from the beginning of the collapse to adulthood. In general, the larger a star, the shorter its life, although all but the most massive stars live for billions of years. When a star has fused all the hydrogen in its core, nuclear reactions cease. Deprived of the energy production needed to support it, the core begins to collapse into

itself and becomes much hotter. Hydrogen is still available outside the core, so hydrogen fusion continues in a shell surrounding the core.

The increasingly hot core also pushes the outer layers of the star outward, causing them to expand and cool, transforming the star into a red giant. While we sit within our homes and worry about what outfit to wear or what games to play or even if we want to go to that little diner down the street, our planet is being enclosed within a stranglehold of suffocating pollution and smog, covering our sky and no longer letting us see the beautiful stars as they are. Should we lose the stars, the bright lights in the endless void of darkness, I believe we shall also lose a part of ourselves. One that we will never be able to recover, short of leaving our ever-decaying planet.

*Chris Gilde*

## THE DREAM SHE HAS

The dream she has is of herself,  
Cradled in her own arms,  
Proving for once  
The wisdom of emptiness.



Brand Dichter, *Bowl*  
Anagama Fired Clay, Feldspar Chips

*Lance Nizami*

## EINSTEIN'S QUESTION

What is the Now? So, tell me—  
Is the last day of Today still called Tomorrow?  
Or do we all experience a calculus of fleeting instants —

What is “Now”? Can anyone define it? Not our scholars—  
Nobody alive can say what’s Now convincingly—  
The Now’s not Then, the Then’s not Now

It’s all confusing; maybe Now it’s meant to be  
The newness and the Now-ness intermix, become inseparable

Each sunrise is the same as others—almost  
Each rise, a different Now, we can’t define it

We can’t say when the disc hits the horizon, up or down  
Is Now an hour? No; that’s far too long—

Is Now a minute? No, that’s still too long—  
Is Now four milliseconds? Maybe, somewhere—  
Is Now a timely interval, at all?

Perhaps the Now extends as far as what we think we’ll do immediately  
Perhaps the Now extends as far as my next sentence—  
What is the Now? So, tell me—



Katie Youngs, *Somewhere There is Home*  
Photograph



## Kimberly Hazel DAD

Desert-dirt, the dye of rubbed blood, is iron rich and calls me back. Desert yellow halo, desert halo of yellow, desert bright, that dried my skin, so I might scratch, a single white message—I LOVE YOU—onto tanned arms at church. I only licked, to wipe it away.

Pop! Pop! Pop! Three crisp cracks would surely turn my eyes to popcorn—vacant and light. I think often of ending my misery. Imagine release is smooth and warm, cooling to golden tree sap. My mind continues, with white-robed druids, poking and peeling at me with pine sticks, letting what's left of me burn on the end of sagging boughs. Resin glow-balls, turpentine suckers, a falling star.

I drive and drive, past dropping barns, black-angus beef held behind barbed-wire and ancient cedar-posts. Heifers wander the impossible terrain of moon-sand and sage. Pant all day, for desert celery. Every hour or so, silage burps combust in the wind, bad breath at my neck, even as the sun sets.

On every starry night, I think of the middle-of-the-night talks we once had under the big, black, Utah sky. Your telescope, our portal, to the heavens. Back then, I would say, “If it were possible for me to survive being sucked through a black hole and come out on the other side alive, I would do it in a second!”

Is it plain I am on the other side? Here, pulling from the bureau-drawer of memory, the endless sky of spilled azul ink, promises flight, brings scenes of us laughing, inside of sunspots, our legs knitted as we float over hushed trout on two black tubes.

*Scott T. Starbuck*

## TILLAMOOK, GREENLAND

Is carved in periwinkle script  
on a piece of submerged driftwood  
sparkling genetic memories  
of rainbow knits on angelic women,  
whale tail flukes,  
and Sisimiut's Crayola-colored houses.

On the way to the steelhead run,  
paper on a telephone pole  
says a wife is wanted with boat—  
“Send photo of boat.”

Here at home, below evergreen waterfalls  
I've felt this indelible place before  
on river days when there was too much joy  
and beauty to speak—  
a mermaid who writes on driftwood  
with periwinkles  
like hidden night truths  
that make sense  
only in dreams and poems.

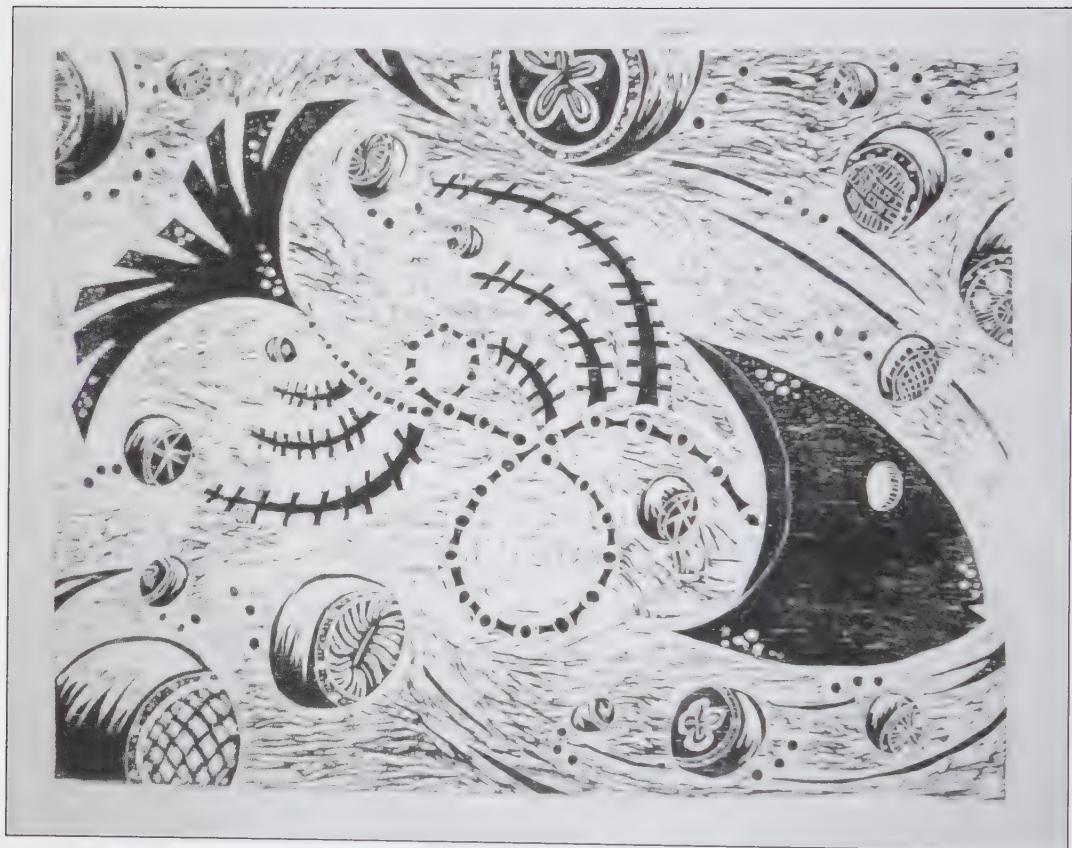
*Scott T. Starbuck*

## SEPTEMBER IN ASTORIA

The chaos of knowing in September  
brings heavy responsibility  
for celebration

    during the lavender  
    and silver-sided coho run before  
    all is coated in rain and snow.

    Evergreens dance.  
    Stone Water Woman grins up  
    through crow shadows  
    in oaky depths.



Laurel Fleet, *Anemone Mine*  
Woodblock Print

## Matt Love

# CLATSOP COUNTY FAIR

I sat at the author's table inside a pavilion of the 109<sup>th</sup> installment of the Clatsop County Fair. It was a long table, practically endless, and it was just me and another author with her book about the heyday of public executions in Oregon.

It was the first ever author event at the fair and I had signed up for a three-hour slot. Not five minutes in, my ass was already sore.

Green Day's "When I Come Around" drifted through in pulses. A band was covering this song on an outdoor stage some 100 yards away from me. How this could happen at a county fair in rural Oregon was beyond me.

I looked around: crafts, quilts and military recruiters everywhere. The smell of manure hung gelatinous in the air. A large man behind the Astoria Rescue Mission booth was sound asleep.

It dawned on me: my first public literary execution in Oregon was about to commence in *Spinal Tap* fashion and I would be the only one witnessing it.

I would not sell a single book, something heretofore unknown to me in 12 years of gigging over 600 events around Oregon. This is where the streak finally ended. Thus, I got up from my aluminum folding chair and headed straight to the beer garden. If a writer was going to be executed, he might as well have a drink before it occurs. Dignity in the death of art matters.

On my way to the beer garden I passed the booth of the North Coast Tea Party affiliate of the Clatsop County Republicans.

It was co-manned by an African American man of indeterminate, or OCA, or Oregon Christian Age. I did a double and then triple take when I saw him. He couldn't possibly exist yet there he was, a dusky apparition wearing a crisp light blue oxford and dark blue slacks. You just know he was on the Koch Brothers' payroll as a token man of urban diversity in white rural Republican America. I bet he even earned slightly more than minimum wage (no benefits). The one question I wanted to ask him: are you scoring with the local chicks on your tour of Oregon county fairs? If he was and would kiss and tell, I knew I had just struck story gold. That would make all the anguish worth it.

I moved freely among cows and pigs and petted a cute kid (goat) before finding the beer garden. Upon entering, I was astonished to see hard liquor on the menu and people drinking it. For some reason, I ordered a Michelob Ultra in a space age plastic bottle. One sip and I knew I had just tasted the worst beer in the history of beer.

A forlorn picnic table in the smoking area beckoned. I met a tall blonde woman smoking a cigarette and drinking vodka. She told me it was going badly at her booth selling mermaid costumes. I told her I was on the verge of dying, too. We were quite the rural noir creative couple and I probably should have proposed.

She soon floated away although I have no recollection of her having done so. I think I was in a quasi-depressive trance contemplating the next three hours at the

table.

Then, I did what all writers of my ilk must do in dire and potentially embarrassing situations like this—you rally or go home and dream about sugar plums and lollipops. I could sell my Oregon books here! I sold 50 out of the Big O Saloon my first month in Astoria alone and that joint was a mere five miles down the road. I would sell my books at the Clatsop County Fair and reward myself afterward for kicking ass in the hinterlands! I would further claim to anyone within earshot that Nestucca Spit Press was the starship *Enterprise* of Oregon Publishing, seeking out new readers, new markets, new stories, to boldly go where no state publisher had ever gone before.

I looked over to the bar and surveyed the inventory—rather grim. I promised myself an R & R if I didn't sell a book, a Jack Daniels if I sold one, Johnny Walker Red if I sold two, and Monarch Vodka if I sold three. Beyond four and I would dive into the good gin and take long underwater strokes.

Before heading back to the table, I stopped in the restroom and met a children's magician and a Celtic shaman. Lined up across the urinals, we didn't say a word to one another but our eyes all locked in mid-stream and we nodded in agreement: *let's fucking kill this hillbilly gig!*

Back at the table, I got aggressive and greeted everyone who walked past, whether they appeared literate or not.

In short order, two grizzled old timers came up and we talked about the drowning scene from *Sometimes a Great Notion* (the movie). This famous cinematic image graces the cover of my book about the making of the film and never fails to attract attention. Like I said, we talked, they handled the book, they loved the movie, they logged, they wore suspenders. No sale.

Next, a portly and bespectacled man wearing a bolo tie wandered by and wordlessly picked up one title, set it down cautiously, then repeated the routine with three other titles. At some point, I was about ready to engage him but thought otherwise to protect the last remaining atoms of my sanity, and he eventually walked away, pulled a piece of beef jerky from his pocket, and started sucking on it.

I was gone right there.

A good two hours had vanished from life and I still hadn't sold a book; I wasn't even close. By this time, I decided that if someone actually wanted to purchase a book, I *wouldn't* sell them one. No deal. Selling none is better than selling one, at least for the story value and disillusioning hangover later.

From out of nowhere, two adolescent girls approached the table and I stopped writing a letter in longhand to shoo them away in proper WC Fields manner. They were each eating tufts of blue cotton candy and fiddling on their fancy phones.

One of them thumbed through the pages of the driftwood forts book and smiled a bit. I asked her if she'd ever built one and she said 'yes.' She asked how much the book cost. I told her 20 dollars.

She reached into her pockets and came up with some crumpled bills.

"I have two bucks," she said.

"Sold."

Hello, double black Jack Daniels.

She danced a ridiculous little jig. I think it was the first book she'd ever bought in her life. She thanked me profusely and then she and her friend skipped away.

Ten minutes later, they returned to my table. The non-book buying one looked green around the gills and had donut sprinkles and crusts of drool littering her face. I asked what was wrong.

"I threw up after a ride," she said. The other girl then got down to business. "You're an author and a book publisher, right?" she said.

"That's right."

"Well, my friend and I have an idea for a book and we think you should publish it."

I could not believe my ears. *I was being pitched a book at a county fair by a pair of female adolescent authors, one of them sporting streaks of dried vomit on her face.*

"How old are you two?"

"Eleven."

"Where do you live?"

"Knappa."

"So what's your book about?"

"Growing up in Knappa, being outside, not watching TV, tending our animals, taking selfies for Instagram."

I thought: *my god, I might publish that book!*

"Intriguing," I said. "I'll be back here next summer and if you have a manuscript, I'll consider it. But you have to write it first."

They jumped up and down and clapped their hands. They also had stayed my execution and perhaps given me the best literary gigging story in the history of Oregon literary gigging.

Thirty minutes later, my three hours was up and I went straight to the beer garden. I had sold eight books at my first Clatsop County Fair event and it was time to party. If the mermaid costumer was there and looked distressed, I might ask her to elope to Vegas with me (in costume) or, in rebuff, at least let me buy her a drink.

*Reba Owen*

## YOUNGS BAY METAPHOR

Some think the strands of sunlight are from God.

This morning these bands descend

to form a glittering pattern

on the surface of the bay.

Fish from everywhere, assuming bait food are floundering there,

race to the reflection in the flowing tide.

Some fish flash away in disgust at the mirage,

while others linger, finding comfort

for their cold, hungry scales.

# Wayne Downing

## MARIE

In the morning, when the air is hard and sharp and the wind feels like slivers of stone; when the people button their coats up to their chins and pull their hats tight against their heads; when your breath stumbles from your mouth in little clouds... then you long for old familiar sounds and smells, things you know so well it's like you've remembered them from birth.

I settle into a booth at a local restaurant. Feet shuffle across the floor; hats and coats swoosh onto the coat rack. I take a deep breath and a strong smell. Pie and coffee and maple syrup and bacon, the sizzle of fried potatoes...

The waitress is named Dottie. She's told me about how her daughter is going to marry a guy with a prison record, how she thinks her son might be what she calls a "flute player," how her husband hasn't been home since he got paid. She thinks a pipe underneath her trailer has burst. Her sister from Tillamook just turned fifty and might be pregnant.

Dottie takes a deep breath and pulls her pencil up to her pad. "Pancakes," I said. "And maybe some orange juice."

I hear the bell ring above the front door. A pretty lady comes inside. She wears a brown canvas winter coat and a green scarf wrapped around her neck.

"Takeout," she says. She checks the menu on the wall. "Two number fours, two kids meals, two things of chocolate milk, and a loaf of bread."

"We don't sell bread by the loaf."

"Well then, give me what you can."

The lady turns toward the front window and waves. She's waving at a man in a car with two children in the front seat.

She watches me watching her. I'm nobody in this town, really, just another old man. She turns away from me and then back again. And then stares again. And then back again.

"Henry?" she says from across the room. "Is that you, Henry?"

I look up. I was hoping she was calling out to someone else (I'm not the kind to seek attention.) "Uh...um...yes...I guess it is."

"It's me. Don't you remember?"

"Sorry," I said. "I don't get out all that much."

"Marie!" she said. "From a long time ago. You should remember. I was your girlfriend, Henry. About fifty years ago—or so—you asked me to marry you."

Whoa! Who was this woman?

I gave her a long look. She didn't flinch. Take away the wrinkles, I thought. A couple of mole spots around the eyes. Take off the glasses. Turn the gray hair back to brown. A clean white face and cheeks touched with red. I remembered how her hair smelled when I held her tight and it was cold outside. The way her eyes shone like crystal when she was really happy (or really sad).

"So, when?"

"1967."

"How old?"

"17."

"Why?"

"You got too needy, Henry. You wore me

out."

My heart melted. Marie sat down on the other side of my table.

"Pretty weird, huh?"

"After all these years. Who knew? You here on vacation?"

"No... Marie. I live here now. How about you?"

"Ah... Husband, two grandkids... Just a little visit. Going home today."

There was an awkward pause. "So you," said Marie. "How about you? Tell me what's been going on with you."

"Oh nothing, really. Not much, anyway." I let my secrets out, a little at a time.

She leaned her back against the wall. "It's funny," she said thoughtfully. "How we can do one thing, say one little word, all those years ago... And everything gets turned on its head... I mean do you ever wonder if you and me had stuck it out? I think about that sometimes."

(I thought about it all the time. And after all these years, I still wasn't sure.)

"I wasn't a very high percentage guy," I said, looking out the window. "I think you made a better choice."

Marie saw right away what I was looking at. "Oh, that," she said. "He's a good man. Good job, nice house, always enough money... And I do love him dearly. He's an engineer."

She let her voice trail off. "But you, Henry, you were always so tender," she said wistfully. "A big guy like you. And kind... And worthless, sure, I knew that going in. But I truly believe that you loved me, and I will always believe that. I don't mean to embarrass you, but you did love me, didn't you? You really, really loved me."

(With all my heart, I thought quietly.)

"Yeah," I answered. "I guess I did."

"The other day I was going through a

box of old papers, and I came across a letter you wrote to me a long time ago. 'If ever you have loved me,' it starts out, 'If your eyes can see me straight down to my soul; if you will take me, the way a flower takes the wind. If these things can all come true... Then think of this moment as our time of joy, our day of the heart.'"

These words filled me with great sadness. My life at 17 was a big mess.

Marie's eyes were full. "I kept that all these years," she said. "You touched a nerve, and it kind of scared me. You were always smart that way. Writing poetry, making up stories. Do you still do that, Henry? Do you still do your poems and your stories?"

I felt as if my life was about to be exposed. "Sometimes," I said. "Not too much."

She laughed. "My parents had a hard time getting used to you!" she said gaily. "You were my raggedy prince, my knight in tin cans and rainbows..." She stopped laughing. Right away she grabbed hold of my hand. "I'm sorry, Henry," she said. "I broke your heart. I didn't know you were hurting so."

I stared at the table. "I never would have let you know," I said. "I was just so thankful."

Right about then I let go of my heart. "I've lost too many things," I said. "And I know you'd probably wish I'd say something nice instead of something truthful. But I can't help it. It's too late to make any more choices."

She bowed her head. "I know," she said shyly. "Time can be hard for those who say no too early or yes too late."

Marie drew circles on the table with her finger. "I hope you've had a good life, Henry. I hope you found someone to love you. And if you did, then I'm happy. But still, maybe I'm a little jealous too. Long after you left, I'd be looking out of my bedroom window, hoping to see you driving up in that old Ford

of yours.”

She picked at her fingernails. She looked across at me with big eyes.

“What I mean is, I really loved you, Henry. But we were just kids. You asked me to marry you on a Monday. On Tuesday I had a biology test... I started crying in the middle of the essay question. Did I ever tell you that? I went home and cried the rest of the day. My mom thought I was having a ‘girl thing.’ And, God, you were a lot of work. Did you know that? How could a guy as happy as you have so many problems?”

Dottie brought Marie’s food to the table.

“Well, I guess that’s it,” Marie said. “So what are you gonna do now?”

“Go home,” I said. “Time for my nap...

I don’t suppose you’d like to get together some time?”

She wiped her eyes (though I couldn’t see any tears). “No, I don’t think so,” she said. She leaned forward as she got up. She touched my face. “Don’t let your wrinkles hide the good parts, Henry.”

Marie kissed me on the cheek. She smiled at me and waved as she went through the door. I saw her husband as he took the food through the car window. I saw the children shout and yell and laugh. Marie was happy again.

I walked home in the rain. I don’t know how many good things a man deserves. But I got the feeling I was coming to my limit.

Tricia Gates Brown

## SUMMER AT TWELVE

The shopkeeper kept silent each time  
my friend and I snuck behind the far row  
of books, eyes wide at *The Joy of Sex*.

Perhaps it was time we knew. At  
twelve, we bled, could reproduce.  
And we were children of the seventies;

innocence so passé. Oh, the wonders in pen  
and ink! The endless bodily arrangements!  
It was enough to turn adults red as poppies,

to transfix the steadiest mind. But after  
the bookstore, we would eat ice cream—  
bubblegum flavor, confettied with gumballs,

each fished from our mouths and saved  
for later. Tiny, colorful pools of drool  
collected like polka-dots on paper napkins where

each gumball sat, counted, to see  
who'd scored the most that day. Then we raced  
home on bikes, the road frying-pan hot.

Our Coppertone legs glistened like mirages,  
flashed the unwitting invitations of angels,  
goddess-bound.

*James Misho*

## THE FIRST MARK

A concept is inoculated  
A woman is impregnated

Said concept grows larger  
Said woman grows rounder

Life is to metastasize

Concept is too rich to conceal  
Baby is too large to hold

The first mark of life is made

Said concept becomes painting  
Said woman becomes mother

Life is to metastasize  
When the first mark is made



Kaylee Savage-Wright, *As We are Consumed*  
Graphite and Ink

# Donald Hutton

## REQUIEM FOR A PALETTE

I met her between second and third husbands. I married her after she left the third, because she needed some health insurance.

She came from a "Joe E. Brown" family where nobody was perfect. The mother birthing three children in a period of over fifteen years, before she was done. The mother had married a certain kind of poverty, a drinking man, hard at it, a charming artistic type, father of all three.

The mother communicating to the father, which wasn't that easy—she born with a speech defect never corrected in a mechanical sense, but still not so bad that the four family members couldn't adjust—let him know that he didn't need all that booze, being born with all that talent, which she then engendered him to demonstrate, and he complied.

The father, whose family had been in San Francisco for several generations, looked like a cleaned-up Welch coalminer off the boat from Cornwall, not too tall, weighing about a pound and a half with mustache, quick to laugh, carried a clean-turned briar pipe without any pretense, and neat as a clam, still in its shell, or a pressed Tattersall shirt with all three collar buttons fully engaged. He supported most needs for the five until all three children were safely away, with just a few classes from the Art Institute, an artist's knack for deception, and a quirky sense of humor that he managed to transfer onto canvas with skunk hair brushes and some special folk-art paint.

He and the mother, a fabric artist, didn't have enough to see the kids to college, but they compensated with a living aesthetic that no university could provide. One son became a weaver, the middle child, another son, a sculptor and painter, and the daughter

a collagist or assemblagist.

It still wasn't easy for any of them, but especially the daughter. A bright, perceptive, first born child, by ten years, with eyes holding all color, darkly mischievous eyes, full of a shining light, searching for visual treasure, a hungry artist hunting for a perfect palette. Everyone's child but with the mother's sense of justice, the abhorrence of cruelty shown to any other innocent creature, man or beast.

She didn't do so well in school, needing to be stimulated by things beyond her imagination, beyond her understanding, beyond words, beyond consciousness. She knew there was a cauldron that things bubbled up from, that only appeared at odd times, in strange forms, colors, voices, sounds. A door that opened or closed in its own way, in its own time. Like a Steller's Jay snatching peanuts-in-the-shell from her father's outstretched hand. She wondered how things came together or parted, how or why they lasted so long, why some died so young without ever singing their song.

She lived through her hungers taking it all in, cancers, husbands, young lovers, broken bones, old lovers, the special men, gourmet cooking, the extra-special women, sarcoidosis, the well-cultivated garden, uprooted-too-many-times-to-count, zazen, neuropathy, her own business, loneliness, world travel, love's abandonment, betrayal, and at the end said, "Ducky, I'm ready, let's go." She chewed it all up, swallowed it, took it in to digest, and at the end her longer bowel gave out and died, bloating her thin body, it just couldn't keep up, and she knew it.

*Lynette Scribner*

## DESPAIR AND HOPE

I heard you get in around midnight.

The dogs did their due diligence then scrambled back in bed.  
I dozily called out and you said, “Goodnight. I love you, mama.”  
“I love you too, Tay.”

Always let those be the last words you say to the ones you love  
for they may, indeed, be the last words.

I did not see the despair.

How did I miss that?

But I felt it today.

Despair when I found your body trying to die.  
Despair as I held your seizing body and could only think, “Airway. Airway.  
Airway.”

Despair as I fumbled the phone with one hand thinking, “911—goddammit,  
that’s all you have to manage.”

Despair as the line rang while I repeated my address over and over in my head  
so I wouldn’t forget it.

Despair at uttering the words, “Possible overdose.”

And when you stopped seizing and fell silent in my arms...  
eternal, breath-stopping seconds of despair.

And then you took a breath...

And the flashing red lights arrived...

And this morning as I stare at you sleeping peacefully,  
thanking God you’re still here,  
the sunrise view from ICU 220  
is full of hope.

*Gregory Zschomler*

## SLAVE TO THE SEA

She is a slave to the sea;  
a soul soothed by strolls alongside sandy shores.  
Shadows scratch the manuscript sheets with misty sagas.  
Scripting life's story: sharing insight, spirit, and song.  
Tears mingled with ink.

Solitude sets slowly;  
the sunset, silently summoning her muse.  
Offspring sprung, nest emptying; no domicile ever her own.  
Serendipitously fashioning exploits sent away:  
spontaneous, stalwart, sensational.  
Now finding time to think.

Savoring sea shores sought forever;  
now solace slides softly by.  
Shells and smells so salty, soaking senses, healing spirit.  
Evasive, passing, never possessing.  
Water everywhere, but none to drink.

*Phyllis Mannan*

## ANOINTMENT WITH VINEGAR

Eighty-seven, Margie's been  
living a long time on hope.  
In dreams, her back shoots up  
straight as the aloe plant  
she bought at Nature's.

Easing into the Dead Sea  
of her new queen-size Sealy,  
Margie rolls her ankles, lets  
the comforting poultice suck  
at her back. *Perfect*  
*for my nervousness.* Her eyes  
crinkle. *And maybe*  
*it will help me grow.*

Last week, two nice men  
from Sleep Country  
positioned the Posturepedic  
head north, as God  
commands, in the center  
of her living room. Next  
to the chamber pot, it settles  
into the dips in her floor.

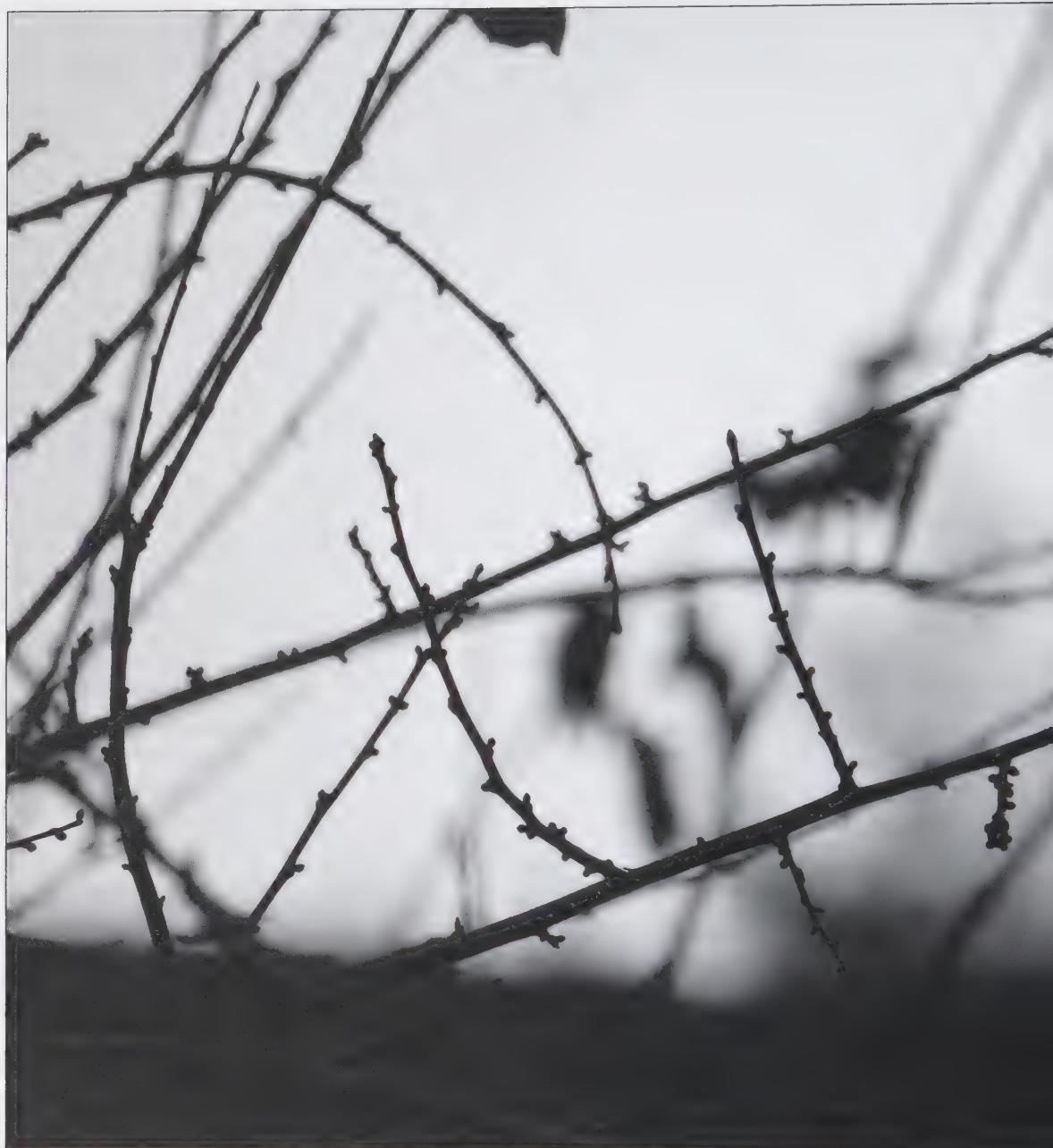
She winks. She's getting  
better; she'll learn to drive  
a red Honda and a brown horse  
like the one that pulled  
her father's wagon. Now  
she settles for the laundry cart  
she pushes over rocks  
at the side of Cornell Road.

A week later, I help Margie  
carry groceries  
past the bed. Her back more  
bent, left foot slipped  
after a fall, her shopping bags  
sweep dust balls, snag  
sacks of plastic and tin  
along the narrow path.

What *is* her pungent  
aroma? One week  
it's mushrooms and celery,  
the next, cornstarch  
and ginger root.

She tilts her head up  
and squints as she whispers  
her secret: *I drink some, rub*  
*the rest on my body*  
*especially my head—oil*  
*and vinegar.*

But isn't it wonderful,  
she says, unpacking organic  
milk and soy beans,  
*how they make this Sealy*  
*to help you slowly ... not*  
*right away?* She looks hopeful,  
stroking her zebra pants.



Kimber Peterson, *Breathe*  
Photograph



Christopher Partin

## THE FLOWERS IN ITS EYES

The fireworks knifed through the sky as they do. Whistling, disappearing in a trail of phoenix fire, and then silence. There was that moment between the whistling and the end result where nothing but blackness and starlight showed through, where the spectators watched in almost nervous anticipation as the moment built up, as if it was some kind of miniature Big Bang.

And then it happened. An explosion, like crackling, colors of green and pink and orange flaring everywhere. The boom was enough to make dogs bark, babies cry, adults cringe. The lights spun around in an apocalyptic pinwheel, and the pieces of it rained down into the river mouth below like vibrant shooting stars. To an ancient civilization, these displays would have been magical, the showmanship of the gods or a powerful, evil presence. But to those watching, in a world of computer-generated graphics and the long-ago slaying of the god of wonder, it was just a firework, and a fairly tame one at that. It didn't shake the world with its unleashed rage or make ears ring, and even though it did light up the sky, it didn't blind, didn't create a sensation of destruction the same way a live bomb could.

I had snuck out to watch the show. My parents, bless their hearts, thought that I should have been in bed, that being ten still meant being five. Doing it wasn't easy. I had never snuck out before, but there comes a time when enough is enough. I was practically

a man, ready to explore the wonders of the world. It would have been one thing if we could have watched the show from our house, but the displays were getting lower and lower every year, and our house was stuck in the in between, wedged in the hills that sprawled around town like titanic snakes turned to stone and the sentinel trees that littered the landscape like warriors waiting for command.

I had grabbed my backpack, filled to the brim with the necessary survival supplies: Caprisun, Starburst, a dull Swiss Army knife, three dollars in change, a Tracy McGrady rookie card, a Gameboy with extra batteries, and a battery powered vacuum, ready for what lay up ahead.

The night was calm, and the breeze drifted along, slicing through branches of Sitka Spruce and Douglas Fur. It was just cold enough to need a sweatshirt, and just dark enough, with the flickering streetlamps undecided if they were awake or not, to need a flashlight. I did not have a sweatshirt or a flashlight, and stumbled around in the chilly air, determined to get to a place where I could sit and watch the sky catch fire.

The graveyard was a shortcut. By slicing through it, I could save a couple minutes of walk time. It was terrifying, sure, and the ghosts that lingered there would love to eat a ten-year-old boy out on a stroll, but I was prepared. I pulled out the battery-powered vacuum and walked quickly through the place, the tombstones staring like killers, the grass crawling about like insects at my feet. It seemed darker in there, as if the place catered only to shadows. This is where a flashlight could have been useful, but even if I had one, I wouldn't have used it. What lies in the darkness should stay in the darkness. So instead I readied my weapon, the thing that was an ersatz version of what they used

in Ghostbusters. On this night, where the breeze drifted along the graves, nothing could stop me from seeing my fireworks.

I was almost out of the graveyard when the shriek came. It's true that any noise at that point would have sent me running, but this was a grotesquerie of a noise, something from the darkest depths coming to take me away. It definitely wasn't human.

I turned back towards the graveyard, towards each headstone, some crumbled and wrought with time, expecting some djinn to spin out of the ground and devour me alive. I was expecting a demon to leap from a red maelstrom, to chomp my head off and leave my body for an answerless mystery. But instead there was nothing, just the darkness, and the breeze moving along leaves like an apparition. And then came the shriek once again, and this time I knew which direction it came from.

It was in the middle of the street, just outside of the graveyard. It was a call like nothing I'd heard before, but I was wrong about what type of call it was. It wasn't a horrid call of something that goes bump in the night, but instead something in pain, a victim of the real bumps in the night.

The kitten was flopping in the middle of the street, seizing, screeching. At first I thought it was drowning in a puddle of water, but then I realized that it was actually blood. As a kid, I'd never liked blood. It was associated with pain and death and gross things, and although I was ten, and thought gross things were pretty great, blood was on an entirely different level.

I approached the feeble, broken thing, unsure of what to do. But then I saw its eyes. I saw inside of them, and I realized that whoever said animals don't have souls like humans do hadn't obviously seen one in pain. They had never seen an animal look at you

and plead, with wide-open eyes, for any kind of comfort. I looked at that cat and I broke. Even though I had no idea what to do, had never even been put in a situation like that before, I knew I had to do something.

The kitten's legs were crushed. Someone, probably some kid, had run them over with what appeared to be a bicycle. Its coat was already dirty and ragged, as if it had been homeless for a long time, but caked with its own blood and whatever else added something else. Now, Astoria was known for its feral cats, had a problem of these cats roaming around unimpeded as well as people trying to feed these cats razor-filled cat food, but this thing was so small and innocent, I thought it would even fit in my hands. I stared down at it, shaking, conflicting ideas going in my head. Could I ignore the screeches? Could I just leave it there, alone and broken? Part of me wanted to. Wanted to walk away and never look back, to pretend like what I had seen was some nightmare, a product of the graveyard and nothing else.

But I couldn't do that. I just couldn't.

I raised the kitten, carefully snuggled it in my hands, holding it against my shirt, and didn't let go. I stared down at that frightened thing, and I saw something of myself in it.

"You're stronger than you look," I said. And it was true. Maybe the truest thing I ever said.

It moaned, and cried, and bled, and I just held this thing as the night started to give way, and as I realized how silly my original reason for being out was.

I left the vacuum on the ground. I ran so fast, and I could still hear it crying, and I wanted to cry, and there was nothing in me except the firing ballista in my chest, and the whirling sounds of my mind, shooting ideas of where to go, what to do, where to run. But mostly, I moved independently of

these thoughts. There wasn't any time to be wondering much of anything, and as those eyes stared up at me, afraid and broken and still trusting of me, a human, a stupid little human whose only plan for the night was to watch some exploding flowers in the sky, my eyes watered and my throat filled with bricks and I didn't stop, I didn't stop, I just got faster and faster and faster, and I broke out, and I didn't look back, and I wasn't afraid of the darkness, I wasn't afraid, I was just worried for that little thing, and I never ever let my mind go into the dark place of what might happen if I was too late.

I didn't want to go back home because my parents were asleep, and they didn't know I was out, and they wouldn't have done much, anyway. And honestly, I didn't know of a lot of people in general, or where they lived. Who could help me in this situation? I had no idea. But still, I ran. I kept running. Down the sidewalk. Across the street. Through the bushes and a short way into the forest. Out on the other side. Another street, another sidewalk. I kept going, finally running down a large hill, and running, and running, and running. My knees ached and my arms were heavy and my side screamed, cramped into oblivion, but I didn't dare slow down in fear that if I did, I wouldn't be able to get going again.

I made it downtown, where the architecture of the old buildings held up against all odds, where buildings both renewed and ancient crowded around one another like barriers to where I really wanted to go. There weren't a lot of cars, which is probably a good thing, because I wasn't watching out for any.

I looked down at the kitten in my arms. It was breathing fast and still looking at me, but its eyelids were drooping, and its cries were getting softer. I shouldn't have looked,

as looking did nothing except make it worse.

The crowd was gathered along the river walk, which looked out over the mouth of the Columbia River. This was where the trolley glided along the tracks like a juggernaut on a mission, where couples and dog owners walked on days when the rain didn't pelt them too hard. This was where memorials and museums sat, where the walk eventually turned to docks leading to fisheries. In a way, this walk was the epitome of what the town was about, and on that 4<sup>th</sup> of July, crowds of people gathered together to watch what I had originally intended to see, to be together, and to remember, even if just for a second, what company really meant.

As I made my way into the crowd, the first firework shot into the air. And soon another, and another. They knifed through the sky as they do. And as these absurd inventions of power and might erupted above us, I looked around, pleading with anyone I could find for help, none of them being able to, each of them staring at the creature with bewildered eyes or even disgust. The cat coughed, and I could feel its little heartbeat getting less and less, and I bent down on the small patch of grass, and I held it close, and I told it that it would be okay, that it would be okay, that nothing could hurt it anymore, that I was there, that I wasn't leaving, that I was never letting go.

There was whistling, and a small trail that floated in its eyes. And then silence, and within those big black orbs, there lay dozens of glittering specks, little portals to

other worlds. It looked up into that starry sky, and it let out one last, small cry. And for a moment, with just my sobs to break the silence, there was nothing except us, trapped in our own little bubble, away from the world that crushed and crushed and crushed. And then there was the explosion, and within those eyes, just before they closed for good, those spinning lights, that apocalyptic pinwheel, those flowers in its eyes erupted in its greens and pinks and oranges, and then it closed its eyes, and it all disappeared.

"I'm so sorry," I said. "I should have been stronger. Quicker. Something."

But even then, I knew I wasn't being fair.

I spent the rest of the show crying, holding the thing in my arms that I couldn't do anything about. I knew I had failed, that any lie I told myself about it at least getting to see beauty, at least it getting to know that someone was there for it in the end, was only that: a lie.

On my way back home, I avoided the graveyard. Not because I was still afraid of ghosts, because I wasn't, but because the sting was there and it wasn't going away anytime soon. That place had a new wraith hanging over it, a new ghost, and I couldn't bear thinking about it. All I knew was that if graveyards held souls like that kitten, like that little thing that died too young and would never, ever know what it was like to have a real home, then there was no reason to be afraid of them anymore. Ghosts were nothing but the beautiful converting to dust.

*Zachery O'Connor*

## ON THE DAY MY FATHER DIES

my thoughts will not be resting on the land  
that a starched, pressed trustee  
is going to hand  
to me, passing over a plane of oak;  
land draped in a camas sham to hide  
the dynamite pocks of pine  
tree stumps, Indian ground,  
sifted into brass pans  
on the heavy end of a fulcrum.

There will be a moment; the land will find  
the bottoms of its lungs.

The family laundry dancing on the lines  
will resign itself to gravity's  
gentle pine.

The threshers marching in the fields will seem to die,  
and my fingers will work  
to catch the edges of the leaf that names me  
landowner of a great bay  
of sable breakers, the corrugates  
a cradle where myths are nursed.

And in this moment, my thoughts will drift  
through an old kitchen window, its periphery  
obscured by the creepers, to the table  
inside. A child holds a knife,  
touches the grit left on his skin  
from the whetstone's sermon;  
he feels the weight.

And I'll consider the manner in which the years  
slough off to form a gentle slope  
behind our restless feet. How that boy,  
years later, in the nadir of a granite bell,  
was straddling a fallen pine and working  
to drill a hole with the knife, further down  
the belt leather, working it round  
until leverage outweighed the blade's integrity  
and it snapped.

He panicked, tucked the rest away, and left  
the knife's broken nose embedded in the cambium.

So on that day—the day on which my father dies—  
my thoughts will drift back  
up that mountain's gentle incline  
to the tree that billets the broken oddment  
of a misused legacy.

On that day the unremitting dread,  
dread that's lain dormant  
just below the topsoil of faculty, dread  
that so much more was thrust  
into that pine's trunk than steel and rust,  
will finally blossom.

# Jon Schmidt

## ON SMOKING

*Hey, how's it going? Not bad, how about you? Not bad. What have you been up to? Not much, you? Yeah, not much. It's great to see you. Yeah, good to see you too.*

Weave in, weave out. Find tobacco and papers, roll smoke, step outside, light and inhale. See the stars for the first time this evening. Search for the moon and remember it's not up yet, long night to go. Grab another IPA, crack off the cap with lighter, swallow the coldest sip first. I wonder if they're going to play music tonight. I wouldn't mind doing some singing, if my chest can hold it together. I can sing a few, if they're singing too. I hear someone pull up. I should say someones, at least two humans and the dog that is running straight for me. Of course, I am in the shadow of the corner on the east side of the house, looking like a peeping Tom. Nope, not a pervert, just a smoker. *Hi pup...No!*

Life hasn't always been this easy. Growing up in small town Minnesota with your dad as principal of your school was like living with your parole officer. The only music I listened to until I was eight years old was the Beach Boys tapes I got annually for Christmas from the folks. They would eventually steal my Beastie Boys "License to Ill" tape at least three times in later years. I discovered I needed glasses while in kindergarten by not being able to read the hymn numbers posted in the front of the church. My buck teeth were so big I had to wear powder blue headgear while in school. Paper route was a rite of passage, especially when it was 15

below with a negative 70 degree wind chill. Until I was ten my new shoes consisted of my older brother's old shoes. Yeah, it was tough.

*Sebastian, come here. Sebastian stop. Oh, hi. How's it going? Great. Sebastian come on, let's go say hi to Heidi. See you later. OK.*

Wow, that bottle went down fast. I have to ration tonight. There's more inside, I think. Reach in box; pull out bottle, crack cap, sip, inhale, and exhale.

It was tough, but I guess it made me tough and adaptable. But I really made it so. I wore those flannel shirts and combat boots, pierced my nose and shaved my head, sang and danced like I was drunk. I wasn't, I hated beer until I was almost legal to drink it. It was just good to get attention, even if it was coming from some dumb jock who was playing all my cues and saying the right wrong things.

Side door is opening, yep, someone else smokes at this party. *Hey. Hey. Getting loud in there. Must mean they're having fun. That's for sure. Hey, bro, you got a smoke I could bum?*

Of course, nobody smokes anymore unless I'm there to provide. I'm sure other surviving smokers help, as I often do, perpetuate this habit of former smokers smoking when they are at parties. Smoke or don't smoke.

One night, after a high school football game no, I don't remember who we played or if we won or lost, I remember, smoking cigarettes, out of straws, at McDonald's. Their ash trays were gold and heavy aluminum as I recall.

Back at the porch, I have to sit down. The cargo ships are turning with the tide. The traffic has died down enough I can hear the ocean. *Do you live around here? Not anymore, I did live on the peninsula for over ten years. Miss it? Of course, but you gotta move on. Do you? I did.*

I hate to roll another smoke in front of this guy, revealing my can of tobacco but oh well. Grab can, pop lid, pull out papers, pull out paper, pinch tobacco, spread on paper, bend and twist, lick and light, inhale.

*Jon? Yeah? Are you smoking down there? No, it must be on my clothes. Well it smells heavily of smoke in the house, I hope you aren't*

*smoking inside. No Mom, I wouldn't do that.*

I slowly close the door on the root cellar. It practically feels like you're outside when you're in there. It's cold, with only one light bulb.

I know I should quit. I know I need to quit. I still don't want to. I always said that, for me, smoking was like holding up your hand with the middle finger extended. Like that was a good thing. I don't need to send this message to my wife and kids, every day, every hour. It's going to be tough. I will have to keep going outside, looking at the stars, and breathing deeply.



Stirling Gorsuch, *Phase I & II*  
Reduction Linocut, Chine Collé



*Alex Balogh*

## THIS IS NOT A TEST

Nothing lasts say the Pranksters  
but some things do  
Like the wave you rode  
that we're still riding tonight  
50 years to the day your psychedelicious bus began its romp  
rending the fabric of America bending minds  
Babbs still here now with his trombone & bag of tricks  
George the kazoo axman, baked but never fried  
Zane with ray gun bubble gun shooting glistening orbs above our heads  
Blotter art displayed in lobby  
Special tonight only for intrepid travellers  
Lightshow shaman dips & twists handmade gel screens & watercolored glass plates  
Children dance together or stare at band, the closest of all to the stage  
Parents & greybeards in tie-dye shimmy united, never uniform  
Joints flex like stringless marionettes, feet glide on worn hardwood floor  
Performers' dressing room unmonitored  
sign reading *Artists and Performers ONLY* respected  
pungent bud mixes with patchouli  
Garcia Birthday Band at the wheel  
Collaborate with the tribe before them  
Leave the driving to us  
This is not a test  
This is who we have become.

*Robert Michael Pyle*

## METAMORPHOSIS

Two new kittens saw me off to Texas;  
just one ran out when I came home. Bentley  
was gone. His brother Bo, ears flat, hair raised,  
stared east. As I took him in, a gray shadow ran  
past the porch. Coyotes yipped nearby, sang  
beneath a mourning moon  
all night long.

Long is the litany of cats that went before:  
Milkweed, Brownie, Bridget, Virga,  
any number of nameless strays, all run off  
to join the coyotes. The highway is hard  
on cats and dogs and deer. But *coyote*  
is the great leveler: agent of revenge  
for vole and shrew and thrush.

Splitting wood today, I hear squeals and yips  
from my woods, like puppies at play:  
coyote pups, pranking in the sun on the bank.  
Playing and gnawing and growing, as cat  
transmogrifies into dog.

# Nancy Taylor

## THE ARTIST

**I**t was a mad crush. She had taken a drawing class from him, and he was a recent hire for the community college. He had a rich name, his eyes were dark but sparkling with interest for this newfound ground; there was something familiar here, ancestral in feeling.

Her antics, her attempts at getting his attention through costume failed, embarrassing and clumsy. She complained to me that there was a certain woman that "was camping out on his desk". Resentment and the clouds of Autumn, then it vanished, in the form of a fisherman with a boat.

The windows in Judah's home were old. Sanding by hand, trying not to scratch the glass was difficult, and she noticed, with her fussy eye, every detail. He walked in carrying her small son, Wade. The boy, enamored of the Artist, giggling in his arms.

This is the first time that I encountered the Artist. He was silly and giddy, teasing both Judah and her small son. They leaned against the old blue cabinets in the kitchen, and everything about this home fit. He could feel the bones, and he appreciated her style. There, upon a shelf, sat a green jade sculpture of a woman; it sat there for years. Her creation. Voluptuous and round, with little detail. Comforting in its need. She always had African Violets. They sat out of direct sunlight, and fussy about water. She told us this: "Don't get water on the leaves, it turns them brown." She must have told him as much, for he painted her elderly and thriving African Violet. Within the painting

are two distant figures, male and female. She of darkened hair, he of Viking mettle.

Returning home in her 1966 Red Volvo B-16, Portland is hot mid summer of 1974. Overcast, foggy, and cool, she arrives. Her young son, with partial silver caps upon his front teeth, greets her warmly. Apprised of the weekend events, her son is safe, happy, and content. The black rotary dial phone was located on the table near the front door. There was lace upon that table. Picking it up, and answering in late afternoon, was an official, ringing, from Norway. Requesting verification that the Artist's intended bride was a resident in her own home. House sitting, feeding Lotse, the Hungarian Puli, and Ocean, her longhaired calico, I provide the information. The marriage occurs.

Returning, after an extended stay, she in her big sisterly way, told me that she did not want me wearing her bell bottom jeans and her sweaters any longer. When asked about this, I admitted to wearing some favorites. It was not easy, but she was kind in her repercussion, she always was.

The Artist became the father of a daughter, born in 1976, her middle name would stand as Liberty.

Having heard that she had given birth, there is a knock on the door, and he emerges. Wishing to see the baby and her mother, he, with a merry-go-round of wonderment and awe, stands reeling with this home birth, his daughter, his wife. She needs rest, he says, it has been an ordeal. He spins, dizzy with sleepless delight, dreamy.

Then there were five. Increasing in number, Wade had now a sister and a new baby brother, christened Aaron Israel.

When the youngest was about three, warned by Wade and Hannah, don't look at him or touch him for at least thirty minutes after his afternoon nap, as he has murderous rage. I avoided that little wild-eyed, curly boy. Having said that, they would taunt him. He would, in turn, jut his lower jaw and try to pinch the older children until his fingers turned white from pinching, shaking with "murderous rage."

Less and less, there was direct involvement with the family, as they grew together, but we always knew where we fit within this small community and in

their lives. The Artist will always have one thousand ways of interpreting the perceived nuance of a thought or emotion and then slice it ten thousand ways. The Artist then dissects and reassembles a distilled language of poetry or form. It is captured from a unique perspective, similar to taking still black and white photographs throughout the day, in the same place. It is all constant change within perspective. As Lawrence Durrell keenly noted, "The Artist must catch every scrap of wind."

This is dedicated to the memory of Royal Gay Nebeker III, and his family, Wade, Hannah, Israel, and not least, Sarah, his beloved wife and companion.

# ROYAL NEBEKER

1945–2014



Royal Nebeker, *Gengangere*

Oil on Canvas

It is impossible to express in words the immeasurable impact of Royal Nebeker's contributions to the Clatsop Community College art department and the wider arts community. For more than three decades in his role as teacher, colleague, mentor, and role model, Royal enriched the lives of countless individuals through his dedication and passionate guidance in the visual arts. He also set the highest standards in terms of shaping the art department's educational philosophy and rigorous curriculum emphasizing creative expression, critical analysis and thoughtful dialogue, research, empathy and integrity. His inspiring presence will be felt in the CCC art department for generations to come.

# Contributors

**Sharon Abbott-Furze** captures moments that touch her, exploring light, color and mood in a representational yet personally expressive style. She is represented by Primary Elements Gallery in Cannon Beach, OR.

**Kimberly Adams** is fascinated, on a daily basis, by the land surrounding Astoria. It theapeutically serves her cultural and historical explorations and education, both of which inspire her photographic work.

**Alex Autio** is an Astoria, OR native currently studying at Clatsop Community College. He is an aspiring musician and writer, and loves to find creative inspiration from nature.

**Vicki Baker** is a local printmaker and acrylic painter. Her work is shown at RiverSea and Tempo Galleries in Astoria, and Trails End Gallery in Gearhart.

**Alex Balogh** is the author of the novel *Accidental Destination*, set in 1970s' countercultural Oregon. He teaches creative writing at Lindenwood University and has edited the literary journal *Untamed Ink*.

**Jan Bono**'s specialty is humorous personal experience. She has published five collections, two poetry chapbooks, nine one-act plays, a dinner theater play, and has written for several magazines. Jan is currently writing a mystery series set on the southwest Washington coast.

**Wayne Burke**'s poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in *Bluestem*, *Red Savina Review*, *The Bicycle Review*, *The Lost Coast*, *The Packingtown Review*, *American Tanka*, *Ricochet*, and elsewhere. His book of poems, *Words That Burn*, was published by Bareback press. He lives in the central Vermont area.

**Tricia Gates Brown** is a writer and garden designer residing in Nehalem. She holds a Ph.D. from University of St. Andrews and is currently at work on a novel.

**Vivian Calderón Bogoslavsky** is a painter native to Colombia, South America.

**Alec Chapra** is a young, newly published college student at Clatsop from San Antonio, TX. Alec is in Oregon to study with professor Seth Tichenor and will continue studies past Clatsop upon graduation.

**John Ciminello** has appeared in *The Sun*, *Portland Mentor Magazine*, *North Coast Squid*, *Columbia River Reader* and *Rain*. He is the author of *Shrine Above High Tide*. Originally from New Bedford, MA, John now lives in Naselle, WA with his wife Patricia, their two goats and their cat.

**Jordan Clayton** is a hydrologist with the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Snow Survey program. Outside of work, he enjoys hiking and backpacking, fly fishing, nature photography, bird watching, creative writing, skiing and canoeing. He lives in Salt Lake City with his wife, Melanie, their son, Jackson, and dog, Nukka.

**Nancy Cook** is a former fisheries biologist and National Park Service interpretive ranger. She received her MFA in Creative Nonfiction from the University of Alaska. She is proud to be an Astoria Fisher Poet and the mother of one glorious girl named Nizina.

**Heather C. Davis** is a trained archaeologist and artist from the Southwest, delightfully growing moss in her joints in this beautiful place called Astoria.

**Sid Deluca** is a writer, film and music producer, and visual artist living in Astoria. His absurdist collages may be seen at several galleries around town. He loves cats.

**James (Jim) Dott** lives in Astoria with his wife and daughter. Jim is a retired elementary teacher. In addition to writing, he now spends his time gardening, tending chickens, volunteering in a first grade class and at the Coast Community Radio. He is a regular contributor to *Rain*.

**Wayne Downing** was a typesetter for 25 years and is a retired bookseller. He lives in Ocean Park with his wife and cat. He is a programmer for the KMUN radio station, "In The Mood" (on every Tuesday from 1-3 p.m.) and writes a monthly column for *The Chinook Observer*.

**Kathleen (Kat) Dudley** is a recent transplant to the Oregon Coast, having lived the past 17 years in the NE wilderness of New Mexico, 25 years in Seattle, and 20 years in Canada, respectively. Dudley has been writing about her observations since she was a teenager. Her first published work was in 1994.

**Micah T. Dugan** is a graduate of Clatsop Community College and Portland State University. His work has been published in *Rain Magazine* and the PSU literary publication, *Pathos*. He was Editor-in-Chief of the CCC newspaper, *The Bandit*, for two years; and served as staff/copy editor on the *Rain* in 2010.

**Laurel Fleet** is originally from Colorado, she moved to Astoria in 2013 from Eugene. She digs printmaking, pottery, fiber arts and enjoys exploring the NW.

**Emily French** spent her childhood in Astoria and moved back just over a year ago. She is a lover of nature and good conversation, an admirer of art and poetry, and a student.

**Chris Gilde** is a retired local high school English teacher who has lived in Warrenton, OR, who fancies himself a writer, guitar player, lover of local jazz radio, purveyor of all things fermented, and who strongly believes in the Swiftian notion that "vision is the art of seeing things invisible."

**Stirling Gorsuch** is a BFA senior at Oregon State University, with an emphasis in printmaking. He earned his AAOT from Clatsop in 2013 and will graduate from OSU this spring.

**John Hagerty** was raised in Warrenton, OR. He is a poet, playwright, stand-up comedian, beach bum, "Razor's Edge" drifter and proud pentagenarian.

**Amanda Hanlon** is a painter and printmaker working in San Francisco, CA. She received her MFA in Painting from the University of Washington–Seattle in 2007 and has participated in multiple group and solo shows nationwide.

**Mindy Hardwick** is a published children's and young adult author whose books are *Stained Glass Summer*, *Weaving Magic*, and a digital picture book, *Finder's Keepers*. For seven years, she ran a poetry workshop with teens in a juvenile detention center. She is currently working on a memoir about this experience.

**Kimberly Hazel** spends her days offering support to Astoria school students and is diligently pursuing her teacher's certification. In her spare time, she enjoys reading, recording her dreams, collecting rocks, dancing and contemplating human behavior. She has called Astoria home since 1997.

**Sarah Hendrickson** grew up in the old-growth forests of Mount Hood. When not galloping across the High Sierra, she lives, makes art, and has been galloping across Astoria for three years.

**Karen R. Hessen** splits her time between homes in Seaside and Forest Grove, Oregon. She is the author of inspirational nonfiction and humor specializing in animal stories and devotionals. She is a frequent contributor to anthologies and writes the monthly columns "Out of the Ark" and "Zap, Kackle, Plop."

**Claude Hite** retired after 34 years of working in public health in Florida. Living in the Olympic woods after 25 years of camping in Washington and Oregon. He has also worked as a paramedic, cop, rough carpenter, cook, teacher, truck driver, salesman, ditch-digger and more.

**Tim Hurd** is a 4th generation resident of Clatsop County homesteaders, founding owner of Columbia River Coffee Roaster and co-founder of The River Theater (1997-2007). He currently lives in Corvallis with his son where he is taking a few years away from business to focus on his novels and short stories.

**Donald Hutton** was born in Los Angeles, CA and is a first generation US citizen. He has worked as a shipping clerk, actor, bartender, skip-chaser, manager of non-profit corporation, and at a school for the deaf. He has been educated at seven or eight colleges and universities.

**Matt Love** lives in Astoria and is a lifelong educator and publisher of Nestucca Spit Press. He is the author/editor of 11 books about Oregon. In 2009, Love won the Oregon Literary Arts' Stewart H. Holbrook Literary Legacy Award for his contributions to Oregon history and literature.

**Rick Mack** lives in the shadow of Mt. Emily in La Grande, Oregon. He is the author of a novel, *Quail Song*, and three books of poetry. Most recently published in *San Diego Poetry Journal*, *Salal* and *Red Cedar Review*.

**Phyllis Mannan** lives with her husband in Manzanita, Oregon. Her poems and nonfiction stories have appeared in *Rain*, *Cloudbank*, *North Coast Squid*, *The Oregonian*, *Stringtown*, *Willow Springs*, and other Northwest publications.

**Kyle R. McCarthy** was born in Wisconsin, in the spring of 1987, and started writing soon thereafter. Kyle can often be found in the forest or at the beach, not wanting to be found.

**A've Middlefield** continues to write simple stories of life experiences both real and imagined. A product of California's central valley farming community, the author's characters are everyday people who struggle with the concerns of living.

**James Misho** is an artist and has lived in Clatsop County for several years. He is a student at Clatsop Community College working towards a Bachelors of Science in Mycology.

**Lance Nizami** has no formal training in the arts, yet he is active in one of the world's most competitive professions. He started writing poetry during a long airplane flight in 2010, and has written much since then in-flight. A few of his works are *Graffiti*, *Petrichor Machine* and *Dream Catcher*.

**Zackery O'Connor** was born and raised in the farmlands of Idaho. After graduating from the University of Idaho with degrees in Literature and Foreign Languages. He moved to the small coastal town of Astoria, Oregon, where he works as a musician and beertender.

**Reba Owen** is a northwest artist and poet. She is also the second oldest woman boogie boarder on the north coast. Her themes usually fuse human behavior and the natural world. She is a graduate of Oregon State University.

**Christopher Partin** is a storyteller, quote collector, master of waves, and wielder of the fabled thagomizer. He is currently studying English.

**Richard King Perkins II** is an advocate for residents in long-term care facilities. He lives in Crystal Lake, IL with his wife Vickie and daughter Sage. His work has appeared in appear in hundreds of publications including *The Louisiana Review*, *Bluestem*, *Emry's Journal* and *The William and Mary Review*.

**Kimber Peterson** is a California native who moved to Astoria to study graphic design at Clatsop Community College. She is currently working on a weekly digital collage blog about the adventures of Elenore.

**Anne Splane Phillips** came to the North Coast in 1986 from Michigan and lives in Astoria. She is retired from private practice as a psychotherapist. She has published four books; her most recent book is *The Red Sea Parted*.

**Robert Michael Pyle** trained as a conservation biologist, expected to be an academic, and came out a writer. His essays, poetry and fiction flow out of a tributary of the Lower Columbia. His eighteen books include *Wintergreen*, *The Thunder Tree*, *Where Bigfoot Walks*, and *Evolution of the Genus Iris: Poems*.

**Laura L. Roberts** is a graduate of Seaside High School and the University of Portland. She resides in Denver, CO, with her husband, and is the mother of two children. Although she loves the majestic Rocky Mountains, she misses drenching rain, salty air and the sound of the ocean waves crashing ashore.

**Florence Sage** has been the founding co-host of Monday Mike for spoken word at the River Theater, the poetry editor for *Hipfish* monthly and the co-producer of *Read at the River* poetry CD. Her 2014 poetry collection, *Nevertheless: Poems from the Gray Area*, has been published by Hipfish Publications.

**Kaylee Savage-Wright** is a 20-year-old student at Cabrillo College, studying Anthropology but is always cultivating a life-long love of art. She uses art and writing as canvases for her desires and hopes, an outlet for emotion, and a way of showing herself to the world.

**Jon Schmidt** lived on the Long Beach Peninsula for eleven years. He is now drying out in Sequim, Washington, but still loves to party at the mouth of the Columbia when he can.

**Lynette Scribner** is a 53-year-old mother, barista, beach lover and grateful poet.

**Mark Scott Smith** is a retired University of Washington academic pediatrician now writing on the Oregon coast.

**Terry Shumaker** is retired and spends all his time wishing he could afford tuition for painting classes, which the administration has decided is exempt from the free classes for seniors program. Like most senior citizens, he is learning to gripe a lot. But you may have noticed that.

**Dan Earl Simmons** is an Oregonian and a proud graduate of Corvallis High School. He is a friend of the Linn-Benton Community College Poetry Club. His poems have appeared in a variety of journals such as *The Pedestal Magazine*, *Eclectica*, *Off the Coast*, *IthacaLit*, and *Fifth Wednesday Journal*.

**Scott T. Starbuck** was a 2014 Friends of William Stafford Scholar at the Speak Truth to Power Fellowship of Reconciliation Seabeck Conference, and a 2013 Artsmith Fellow on Orcas Island. His writes an eco-poetry blog called *Trees, Fish and Dreams*.

**Kay Stoltz**'s writing adventure started a year ago with exposure via The Hoffman Center in Manzanita. What a grand adventure it has been! She is retired, married and has lived in Manzanita full time for two years.

**Nancy L. Taylor** was born and raised in N.E Portland, and used to have intimate knowledge of biking around Lloyd Center, gazing at the pennies in the fountain, and wishing for dimes. Everything communicates a rhythm. Every thing. Find the buzz... She now resides in Gearhart, Oregon.

**Julie Tennis** is a writer, educator and naturalist. She is dedicated to connecting people to the local environment through workshops, nature explorations, writing and art.

**Luis Trujillo** is a student that attends Astoria High School, and has lived his entire life in Astoria.

**Vera Wildauer** lives in Manzanita with her husband, Mickey Wagner and is a Board President of the Hoffman Center. She co-founded the Manzanita Writers' Series and the *North Coast Squid*. Her work has been published in *Rain* and the *North Coast Squid*.

**Kerri Zell** is a Clatsop Community College student and artist who enjoys participating in the Astoria Dragon Kiln student firings. She loves to support the college, community, and her fellow potters.

**Gregory E. Zschomler** is a digital artist, theater professional and author. A few of his books, including *The Amish vs. the Zombies* and "I'm Samson," said Sydney. Look for his new *Bayou Boys Adventure, Alien Ambush* this April, and his new children's book *Louie, The Lonely Lighthouse* this summer.

**Ruth Zschomler** is a native of the Pacific Northwest. She has an MFA in Creative Writing, a BA in English/Creative Writing and a secondary BA in Humanities/Digital Technologies and Culture. She has been published in *The Oregonian*, *The Columbian*, *The Vancouver Voice* and *The Pitkin Review*.

# 2015 Patrons

Robert & Elizabeth Stricklin

Tom & Karen Gill

Reba Owen

Kathleen & Douglas Peterson

Bernie Wood

Kristen Shauck

Tommie & Mark Redwine

Nancy Cook

Richard & Patricia Rowland

Terry Shumaker

Ally Rose

Roger & Allison Sansom

Margaret Frimoth

Seth Tichenor

Andy Kerr III

Tessa James Scheller & Jann M. Luesse

Julie Brown

Robert Michael Pyle

Thank you



# The Gilbert District

historic seaside oregon

## Services

Hold Fast Tattoo and Company  
Shear Pleasures Salon and Spa  
Zuplaw Law Firm, LLC  
KP Graphic Arts

## Radio

94.9 The Bridge

## Restaurants

Tora Sushi  
Seaside Coffee House  
Patty's Wicker Cafe

## Shopping

Beach Books  
Star Furniture  
SunRose Gallery

The Gilbert District Historic Seaside Oregon Supports the Arts



## Website & Print Design

Website Design • Hosting • Social Media

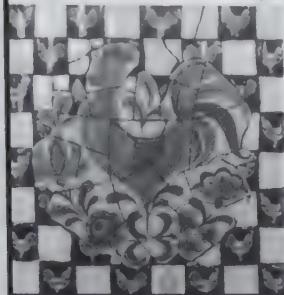
Print Design • Photography

[www.kpgraphicarts.com](http://www.kpgraphicarts.com)



*Does your website fit today's mobile devices?*

# SunRose Gallery



Local and Regional  
Contemporary Mosaic Art  
Also  
Upcycle Art, Garden,  
Gifts and Jewelry

606 Broadway Seaside, Oregon  
503.738.7788  
rsax@Q.com  
Follow us on Facebook



## SpinLogic Enterprises Inc.

Mark Evans

General Manager

503.738.8668  
Cell: 951.285.4848  
Fax: 888.791.3745

615 Broadway # 222  
Seaside, Oregon 97138  
spinlogicinc@gmail.com  
www.949thebridge.com

# Star Furniture

*"Your Local Quality Furniture Resource"*

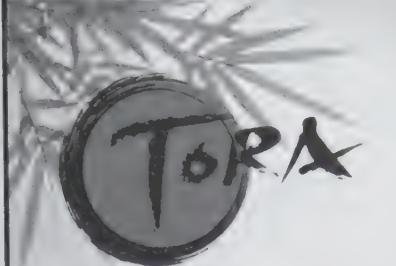


503.738.8999

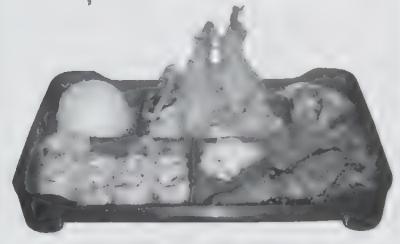
130 South Holladay  
Seaside, Oregon 97138

Delivery & Financing Available  
[www.starfurnitureseaside.com](http://www.starfurnitureseaside.com)  
[info@starfurnitureseaside.net](mailto:info@starfurnitureseaside.net)

Open Monday - Saturday 10:00 AM - 6:00 PM Sunday 11:00 AM - 4:00 PM



## TORASushi Lounge Japanese Cuisine



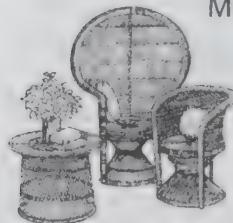
Seaside  
619 Broadway  
Seaside, Oregon 97138  
503.738.5226

Astoria  
1197 Commercial  
Astoria, Oregon  
503.325.2585

[www.torasushi.com](http://www.torasushi.com)

# Patty's Wicker Cafe

Open 6 am to 2 pm  
Monday - Friday



600 Broadway Suite 7 & 8

Phone 503-717-1272

Owner  
**Patty Nelson-Strain**

# Beach Books

616 Broadway \* Seaside, Oregon 97138

503.738.3500

[www.beachbooks37.com](http://www.beachbooks37.com)

**Brandy Coulthard**

Tattoo Artist

503.738.4055

611 Broadway

Seaside, Oregon 97138

[www.holdfasttattoocompany.com](http://www.holdfasttattoocompany.com)

## **HOLD FAST** **TATTOO COMPANY AND** **ART GALLERY**

**Jen Knox**

Tattoo Artist & Body Piercer

503.738.4055

611 Broadway

Seaside, Oregon 97138

[www.holdfasttattoocompany.com](http://www.holdfasttattoocompany.com)



### **Massage**

Couples Massage/Side by Side

Hot Stone Massage

Muscle Relief (Deep Tissue) Massage

Relaxation (Swedish) Massage

Reflexology

### **Skin Care**

Spa Facial

Micro Refining Facial

Body Polish

Aloe Vera Body Wrap

Makeup Application

Tanning Bed & Spray Tan

### **Nails**

Hot Stone Pedicure

Spa Manicure

Artificial Nails

Shellac

### **Hair Care**

Hair Design

Perms

Color/High Lights/Low lights

Extensions

Formal Event Styles

### **Spa and Bridal Packages**

### **Shear Pleasures Melt Down**

Laser Lipo

Skin Tightening

IPL Hair Removal

Photo Facials

### **Online Booking**

[www.spsalonandspa.com](http://www.spsalonandspa.com)

# Seaside COFFEE house

503.717.0111

5 N Holladay Drive Seaside, Oregon 97138  
[www.seasidecoffeeroasters.com](http://www.seasidecoffeeroasters.com)



**MEET CHRISTIAN**  
A normal guy who translates  
the abnormal world of law.

615 Broadway St., Suite #216, Seaside, OR 97138  
503.747.9836 [www.zuplaw.com](http://www.zuplaw.com)



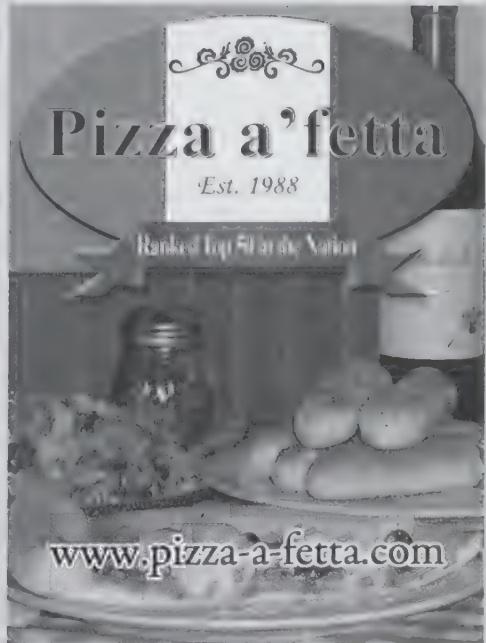
Thank You  
Robert & Elizabeth  
Stricklin

The Gilbert District Historic Seaside Oregon Supports the Arts



**Bella \* Espresso**

231 N. Heintz St.  
Cannon Beach, OR 97110  
503.436.5937  
[www.bella-espresso.com](http://www.bella-espresso.com)

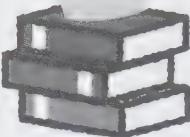


**Pizza a'fetta**  
Est. 1988

Ranked Top 5 Family Pizza  
in Oregon

[www.pizza-a-fetta.com](http://www.pizza-a-fetta.com)

# LUCY'S BOOKS



Lisa Reid, Queen of Books  
348 12th Street Astoria, OR 97103  
(503) 325-4210

lucys-books.com    queenofbooks@charter.net   

**NAPA**  
®

**SUNSET  
AUTO PARTS**  
sunsetautoparts.com

Sunset Auto Parts  
Corporate Office  
P.O. Box 669  
Scappoose, OR 97056

(503) 543-5095 Office  
(503) 543-3464 Fax  
sunsetautoparts.com

KEEPSAKE  
TATTOO



•PIERCING•  
253 11TH STREET  
ASTORIA OR  
503•325•4181

  
**NORTH  
COAST  
DISTILLING**  
Astoria, Oregon

OPEN EVERY DAY  
FOR LUNCH  
& DINNER



We use the freshest  
ingredients to create  
unique & delicious Italian  
cuisine featuring pastas,  
seafood & Tuscan steaks.

• COCKTAIL &  
CAPPUCCINO  
LOUNGE  
• FINE ITALIAN  
WINES

JOIN US DOWNTOWN ASTORIA  
1149 COMMERCIAL ST.  
503-325-9001 [FULIOS.COM](http://FULIOS.COM)

**KEN AIKEN**  
Sales Consultant

**Hertz**

**DOLLAR**

**Thrifty**

[kaiken@hertz.com](mailto:kaiken@hertz.com)  
P 503 574 2653  
C 503.338.9033  
F 503 574 2659

**HERTZ CAR SALES**  
4190 S.W. 144th Ave  
Beaverton, OR 97005

**DONLEN**  
A Hertz Company

**Firefly**  
CAR RENTAL  
[hertzcarsales.com](http://hertzcarsales.com)  
NYSE:HTZ



astoria [sundaymarket.com](http://sundaymarket.com)

**MAY 10 thru OCT 11, 2015**

EVERY SUNDAY ON 12TH ST.  
IN HISTORIC DOWNTOWN ASTORIA

{ GET  
FRESH  
WITH  
US! }

Where art meets the river.

**OLD TOWN**  
FRAMING • COMPANY

Downtown Astoria 1287 Commercial St.  
503.325.5221



**Everyone can shop.  
Anyone can join.**

Community-owned, full-service grocery & deli  
with organic and sustainably produced food  
and local products when available.

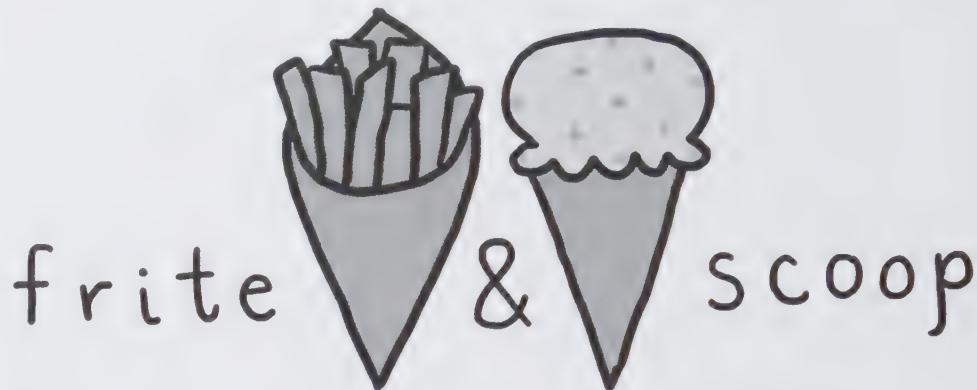
**Open Daily 8-8**  
**14th & Exchange in Downtown Astoria**  
**(503) 325-0027, [www.astoria.coop](http://www.astoria.coop)**



**250 11TH ST.**

**ASTORIA, OREGON**

**503 468 8277**



175 14th St Suite 150 Astoria, Oregon

[www.friteandscoop.com](http://www.friteandscoop.com)



## **GODFATHER'S BOOKS AND ESPRESSO BAR**

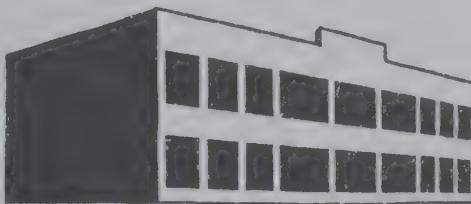
1108 Commercial  
Astoria, Oregon 97103

503.355.8143  
[www.fb.com/godfathersbooks](http://www.fb.com/godfathersbooks)

# FORT GEORGE BREWERY + PUBLIC HOUSE

ASTORIA, OREGON

one city block  
• 3 locations  
pub + 14 taps  
pizza joint + 14 taps  
taproom + 19 taps  
+2 cask engines



503.325.7468

1483 duane st

[fortgeorgebrewery.com](http://fortgeorgebrewery.com)

## COMMERCIAL ASTORIA

WHERE HAPPINESS COSTS SO LITTLE

VINTAGE &  
NEW CLOTHING  
JEWELRY, GIFTS,  
ACCESSORIES



THE BEST  
SELECTION OF  
QUALITY NEW  
AND USED LPs  
ON THE COAST

1269 COMMERCIAL STREET IN BEAUTIFUL ASTORIA, ORE.

**OPEN WEEKENDS**

FIND US ONLINE AT [WWW.COMMERCIALASTORIA.COM](http://WWW.COMMERCIALASTORIA.COM)

# ASTORIA COFFEEHOUSE



Like Us on Facebook!

243 11th Street Astoria 503-325-1787 [WWW.ASTORIACOFFEEHOUSE.COM](http://WWW.ASTORIACOFFEEHOUSE.COM)



# Uptown Cafe Warrenton, OR

1639 SE Ensign Lane Warrenton, OR, 97146 503-861-5639



## Uptown Cafe

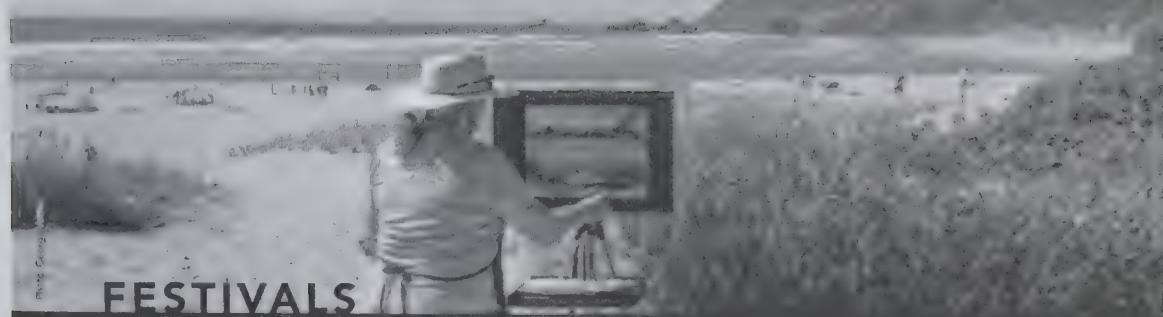
Breakfast ♦ Lunch ♦ Dinner

Espresso, Beer and Wine  
available

We have a meeting space  
available for reservation and  
we also offer catering services.

Open: Monday - Friday: 9:00am - 9:00pm Saturday - Sunday: 8:00am - 9:00pm

# Your Art Destination



## FESTIVALS

Spring  
Unveiling

MAY 1, 2, 3

Plein Air  
& More

JUNE 26, 27, 28

"One of America's Best 100 Art Towns"

America's Best 100 Art Towns, John Villani

[cbgallerygroup.com](http://cbgallerygroup.com)

Cannon Beach  
GALLERY GROUP

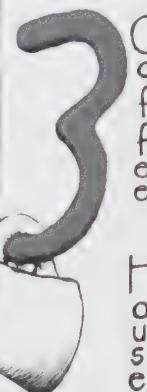


# BUOY

BEER CO.

*Astoria, Oregon*





Where by the Third Cup You're Family

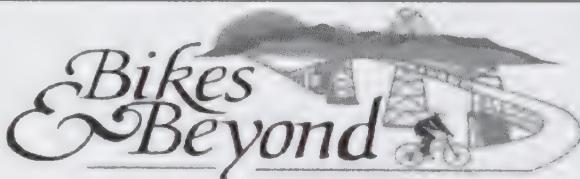
279 W Marine Drive, Astoria, OR



Hours:  
Mon - Sat 7 - 5 pm  
Sun 8 - 4 pm



Find us under the Astoria Bridge  
in the old Finnish meat market



Bicycle Sales & Service

1089 Marine Drive

Astoria, OR 97103

Phone: (503) 325-2961

[www.bikesandbeyond.com](http://www.bikesandbeyond.com)

## Wimhal Family Clinic

Quality Health Care For  
the Whole Family

*Board Certified Family Practice*

Open Mon-Fri 8:00 am -5:00 pm

Closed Sat & Sun



SCOTT E. ASHLEY, M.D.  
*Family Physician*



TONY LEONARDO, PA  
*Wimhal Family Clinic*



## ALEXANDROFF GENERAL DENTISTRY

[astoria@alexandroffdentistry.com](mailto:astoria@alexandroffdentistry.com)

855 Exchange Street  
Astoria, Oregon 97103

Seaside: 503-738-8378  
Astoria: 503-325-3230

2120 EXCHANGE ST., STE. 209  
ASTORIA, OR • 503-338-2993



Jeff & Laurie Martin  
Owners  
1105 Commercial Street  
Astoria, Oregon 97103  
[silversalmongrille.com](http://silversalmongrille.com)  
[silversalmonastoria@gmail.com](mailto:silversalmonastoria@gmail.com)  
503-338-6640

Seafood - Steak - Pasta - Vegetarian - Chowder

CONGRATULATIONS

TO  
RAIN  
FOR  
YOUR  
CONTRIBUTION  
TO  
THE  
ART  
OF  
PUBLISHING  
KEEP  
ROCKIN'

RATZ



240 11th street, astoria, oregon 97103

Imogen  
Gallery contemporary works

240 11th street, astoria, or • 503.468.0620  
mon - sat 11 to 5:30, sun 11 to 4 • [www.imogengallery.com](http://www.imogengallery.com)



Winnifred Byrne  
**LUMINARI ARTS**

Art Cards  
Stationery  
Jewelry  
Ceramics



1133 Commercial Street  
Astoria (503) 468-0308



ENGLUND MARINE &  
INDUSTRIAL SUPPLY

- ASTORIA
- NEWPORT
- ILWACO
- WESTPORT
- EUREKA
- CHARLESTON
- CRESCENT CITY

95 HAMBURG AVE. • 503-325-4341



COLUMBIAN  
THEATER

EST. 1920

## Wet Dog Café & Brewery



144 11th Street  
Astoria, OR 97103  
**503.325.6975**

Open 7 Days a Week  
11 am - 9 pm

- ❖ Hand Crafted Ales
- ❖ Burgers
- ❖ Beer Battered Fish & Chips
- ❖ Clam Chowder



yoga  
namasté

**Yoga Studio ♦ Thai Massage**

342 10<sup>th</sup> Street • Astoria, OR • 503.440.9761 • [www.yoganam.com](http://www.yoganam.com)

Ute K Swerdloff • MA, Yoga Alliance Certified • LMT #6408

**BA** BAKED ALASKA  
DINING ROOM • PIZZERIA • BAR  
THE ONLY THING WE OVERLOOK IS THE COLUMBIA RIVER

**Baked Alaska**  
12th St #1, Astoria, OR 97103  
503.325.7414



Photo Credit: [oregonmagazine.com](http://oregonmagazine.com)

# LAZERQUICK®

Independent Lazerquick® Centers • Locally owned and operated

BENNECO, INC... DBA

PRINTING • COPYING • DIGITAL SERVICES

*Serving the North Coast with  
2 Locations Since 1993*

## Service Specialties

- Offset Printing
- High-Speed Copies
- Color Copies
- Computer Services
- FAX Services
- Bindery Services
- Typesetting
- Carbonless Forms
- Graphic Design
- Internet Access
- Vinyl lettering
- Self Service Copies
- Large Format Copying & Laminating
- Large Format Digital Color Printing

## ASTORIA

818 Commercial St.

**503-325-1185**

## SEASIDE

507 S. Roosevelt Dr.

**503-738-4102**

M-F 8:00am - 6:00pm

Sat. 10:00am - 4:00pm

## Dragonheart Herbs & Natural Medicine

231 North Hemlock Suite # 106  
Cannon Beach, Oregon 97110

**503.436.0335**

### Medical Office

Monday to Thursday, 10 am - 4 pm

Friday and Sunday, Noon to 4 pm

By appointment only

### Herb Shop

Bulk organically grown or ethically wildcrafted  
culinary and traditional herbs for teas and seasonings.

Custom tea and tincture blends for specific  
conditions are available only with medical visit

Bulk tea blends

## STREET 14 COFFEE

COFFEE SHOP

STREET 14 COFFEE

1410 Commercial St

Astoria, OR 97103

Open Daily 6:30 am - 6:00 pm

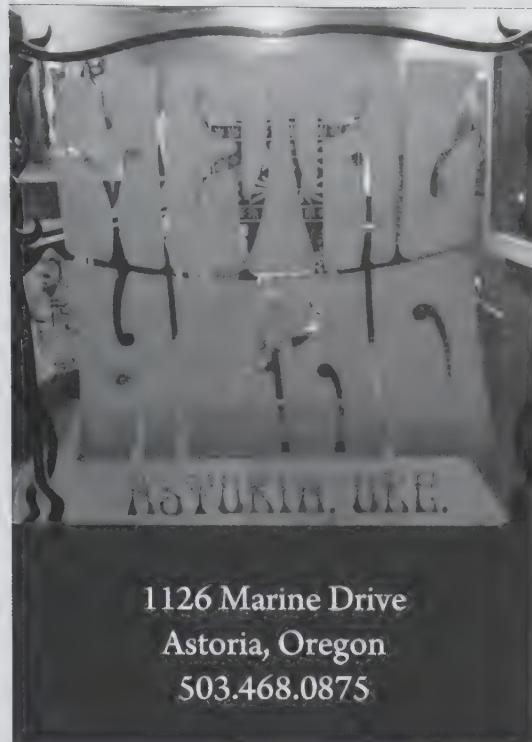
**503.325.5511**

[www.street14coffee.com](http://www.street14coffee.com)

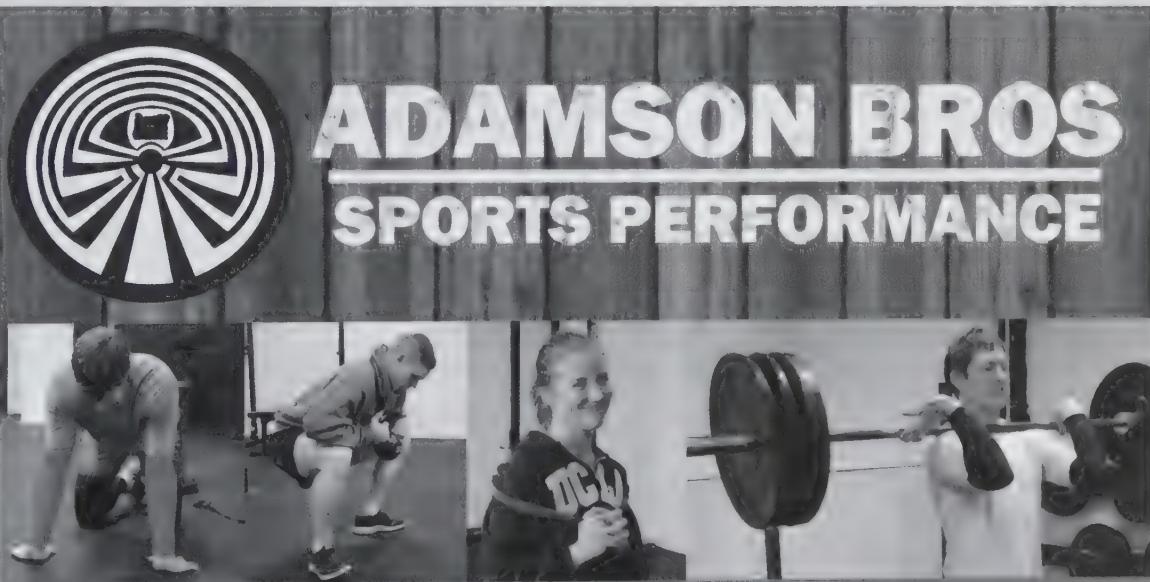


**BREAKFAST \* LUNCH \* GREAT COFFEE \* HOUSE-MADE PASTRIES \* WI-FI**

Forsythe  
home & garden ARTS  
fine art artisan decor  
traditional children's toys  
1124 commercial street, astoria  
503.325.2189



1126 Marine Drive  
Astoria, Oregon  
503.468.0875



503.738.4080

1601 S. Roosevelt HWY 101 Behind the Jiu Jitsu Academy  
Seaside, Oregon 97138

[www.adamsonperformancetraining.com](http://www.adamsonperformancetraining.com)

# Windermere Pacific Land Company

Reba Owen  
Cell 503.440.1747

Kathren Rusinovich  
Cell 503.338.2245

Office Phone 503.325.5111

Toll Free 888.753.9982

175 14th Street Suite 120 Astoria, OR 97103



Windermere  
REAL ESTATE



# Rain Staff 2015



Photo by David Homer

Aaron DaVall, Alison Ruch, Emily French, Alec Chapa, Kimber Peterson, Christopher Partin, Lucien Swerdloff, James Misho, Sonova Aiken. Not pictured: Francois Labiche



SHEET No.1.

MOUUTH  
OF THE  
COLUMBIA RIVER  
OREGON TERRITORY.  
SURVEYED BY THE  
U.S. EX. EX.  
CHARLES WILKES ESO.

COMMANDER

1841.

Scale of 6000 feet

Lat. 46° 16' 10" N.  
Long. 124° 02' 32" W.  
Barometric 31.11 101.6





3 1680 00116 879 0



Sharon Abbott-Furze  
Kimberly Adams  
Alex Autio  
Vicki Baker  
Alex Balogh  
Vivian Calderón Bogoslavsky  
Jan Bono  
Tricia Gates Brown  
Wayne Burke  
Alec Chapa  
John Ciminello  
Jordan Clayton  
Nancy Cook  
Heather C. Davis  
Sid Deluca  
Brand Dichter  
James Dott  
Wayne Downing  
Kat Dudley  
Micah T. Dugan  
Laurel Fleet  
Emily French  
Chris Gilde  
Stirling Gorsuch  
John Hagerty  
Amanda Hanlon  
Mindy Hardwick  
Kimberly Hazel  
Sarah Hendrickson  
Karen R. Hessen  
Claude Hite  
Tim Hurd  
Donald Hutton  
Matt Love  
Rick Mack  
Phyllis Mannan  
Kyle R. McCarthy  
A've Middlefield  
James Misko  
Royal Nebeker  
Lance Nizami  
Zachery O'Connor  
Reba Owen  
Christopher Partin  
Richard King Perkins II  
Kimber Peterson  
Anne Splane Phillips  
Robert Michael Pyle  
Laura L. Roberts  
Florence Sage  
Kaylee Savage-Wright  
Jon Schmidt  
Lynette Scribner  
Terry Shumaker  
Dan Earl Simmons  
Mark Scott Smith  
Scott T. Starbuck  
Kay Stoltz  
Daniel Swerdluff  
Lucien Swerdluff  
Nancy Taylor  
Julie Tennis  
Luis Trujillo  
Vera Wildauer  
Katie Youngs  
Kerri Zell  
Gregory Zschomler  
Ruth Zschomler

Cover art by Darren Orange  
*Untitled*, oil on canvas, 48" x 60"